Sketches of Southern Scenes

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. 231 Copyright No.

Shelf S77

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Orange Picking.

SKETCHES

OF

SOUTHERN SCENES

BY

LOUISE SMITH SQUIER.

NEW YORK:
J. W. PRATT & SON, PRINTERS, 73 TO 79 FULTON STREET.

1885.

C.H.B

F221
.S17

COPYRIGHT, 1885,
BY
L. S. SQUIER.

PREFACE.

The desire to travel is almost universal,—to visit new scenes and meet people differing in appearance and customs from those encountered in every-day life. The present rapid and luxurious system of traveling, contrasted with the slow and comfortless facilities of other days, has developed an irresistible longing to see for one's self the wonders and beauties of other climes. Those who for various reasons are debarred from the indulgence of this luxury of travel, read or listen with avidity to descriptions of the beautiful, grand or marvelous, whether beheld in foreign lands or on the shores of our own country. Believing that to many of our friends an account of places visited by us would be of interest, and serve also as a pleasant remembrancer to those who composed our party of tourists, on their flying trip Southward, these sketches are written.

L. S. S.

DEDICATED

TO

THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION

OF

PARK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER.		PAGE.
	PREFACE,	3
	DEDICATION,	5
I.	THE DEPARTURE,	11
II.	NEWPORT NEWS,	21
III.	BY RAIL,	31
IV.	EN ROUTE FOR PETERSBURG,	38
V.	PETERSBURG,	40
VI.	THE CRATER,	51
VII.	BACK TO RICHMOND,	59
VIII.	RICHMOND,	63
IX.	AN EARLY STROLL,	72
X.	THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS OF THE SOUTH,	79
XI.	SOME OF THE CHURCHES,	82
XII.	PLANTATION LIFE,	86
XIII.	ANOTHER DAY IN THE CAPITAL,	100
XIV.	THE CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY,	114
XV.	HAMPTON,	118
XVI.	OLD POINT COMFORT,—HYGEIA HOTEL AND FORTRESS MONROE,	158
XVII.	NORFOLK,	182
XVIII.	ON SHIPBOARD,	190
XIX.	HOMEWARD BOUND,	194

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE.
Orange Picking,	Frontispiece
"Guyandotte,"	14
Hampton Roads,	18
Primary Class, Colored School,	23
School House,	25
Old Locust Tree,	42
Old Blandford Church,	44
Negro Cabin,	56
Chain Gang at Work,	67
Farm Wagon of Virginia,	68
The Capitol,	73
Children Feeding Squirrels, Capitol Square,	75
Horse Cars,	77
Monumental Church,	83
Medical College, Richmond,	104
Map of Old Point Comfort and Vicinity,	117
Old Hospital Barracks,	120
Virginia Hall, Normal School,	122
Indian Students, Hampton,	124
Indian Students, Hampton,	125
Winona Lodge, Normal School,	133
Indians in the Workshop,	135
Huntington Industrial Works, Normal School,	137
Stone Memorial Building, Normal School,	141
Marine View,	143

PAGE.

OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, HAMPTON, - - - 147
RINGING THE SCHOOL BELL, - - - 149
NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, HAMPTON, - - - 150
OLD VETERANS, - - - - - 152
WARD MEMORIAL HALL, SOLDIERS' HOME, - - 153
MAIN BUILDING, SOLDIERS' HOME, - - - 155
MONUMENT, NATIONAL CEMETERY, - - - 156
HYGEIA HOTEL, - - - - - 158
BANQUET HALL, HYGEIA HOTEL, - - - 165
DANCING AND CONCERT HALL, HYGEIA HOTEL, - 167
WINTER CORRIDORS, - - - - - 168
ON THE BEACH, - - - - - 173
FORTRESS MONROE, - - - - - 174
IN THE FORTRESS, - - - - - 175
ONE OF THE "BIG GUNS," FORTRESS MONROE, - - 177
JEFF. DAVIS' PRISON, FORTRESS MONROE, - - 178
RESIDENCE OF THE POST COMMANDANT, GEN. J. C. TIDBALL, FORTRESS MONROE, - - - - 179
GLIMPSES OF GARRISON LIFE, - - - 181
MARKET SCENE, NORFOLK, - - - - 183
PRIVATE RESIDENCE, - - - - 184
GOING TO MILL, - - - - - 185
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NORFOLK, - - - 187
THE RIP RAPS, - - - - 199
"OLD DOMINION," - - - - - 202

Sketches of Southern Scenes.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE.

"Yet waft me from the harbor's mouth,
Wild winds! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the south." — *Tennyson.*

IN the elegant saloon of the steamer *Guyandotte*, at pier 26, North River, might have been seen on the afternoon of Saturday, May 16th, the eager, expectant faces of a party of tourists from Park Congregational Church, Brooklyn; a harmonious company, seeking change, rest, diversion, and bent on seeing and enjoying all of interest and pleasure in a proposed trip to the sunny South. Having spoken the parting farewell, and waved adieu to the many friends assembled to see us off, the gangplanks were hauled up, the lines cast off, and the good ship steamed out into the bay.

Casting a backward look towards New York, standing at the head of its magnificent harbor, where, with its sister city, tenderest memories and associations center, the attention was then turned to the varied points of interest in these familiar waters of the Upper and Lower Bay. Governor's Island with its underground fortifications appeared on the left; Bedloe's Island, with the unfinished pedestal, awaiting the erection of the great Bartholdi Statue, was a point of special attraction. Now affectionate glances are turned towards Brooklyn, our beautiful "City of Churches" and homes. Staten Island with its charming villages and picturesque scenery, divides the attention with Bay Ridge on the opposite shore. Passing through the Narrows, Forts Wadsworth and Hamilton stand guard on either bank, over the Port of New York; evidently more imposing and awe-inspiring in appearance than useful or strong for defence, in the light of modern science and warfare. And here is the now neglected and scarcely remembered Fort Lafayette, once the terror of traitors.

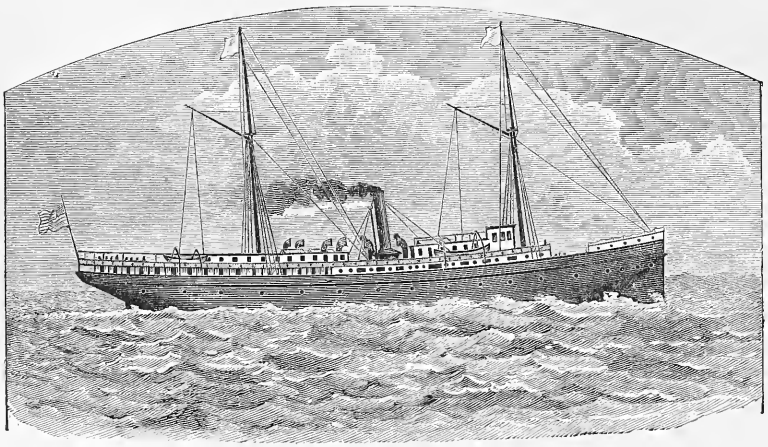
All objects possessed an attraction for our tourists. Captain Bourne, General Superin-

tendent of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and one of our party, pointed out to us a "tramp" on the sea, which presented a much more respectable and reputable appearance than those generally encountered on land. A porpoise raised himself for an instant out of the water; but, though we watched some moments intently, did not appear again. Next came in sight the beach of Coney Island, with its hotels, pavilions and huge elephant in the background. Rounding Sandy Hook and the Neversink Highlands, our course lay along the New Jersey coast. We passed Long Branch, Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. Soon familiar views began to recede, and were lost in the distance, as we strove to catch glimpses of new and strange scenes.

The fresh, invigorating breezes of the ocean had begun to sharpen the already keen appetites of our excursionists, when the welcome sound of the gong was heard and responded to with alacrity. Having done ample justice to the repast served in the saloon below, all took a stroll on deck, enjoying the lovely moonlight on the water, out of sight of land, save as the friendly lighthouses flashed out upon the evening sky.

Among these, Barnegat with its revolving light, and Absecom's luminous rays from far down the coast, stood out most brilliant.

Later in the evening euchre and whist parties were formed in the saloon, and the interest kept up till eleven o'clock, when lights were ordered out, and the company separated to their rooms,



"GUYANDOTTE."

voting naught on earth so charming as a sea voyage on board the good ship *Guyandotte.*

But "unstable as water," the ocean at this time held true to its reputation, and by two o'clock Sunday morning, the fog-whistles were sounding their shrill, steady note of danger; the waves rolled high, the ship rocked steadily and grandly,

giving assurance to all that we were really at sea. Indeed, the Captain afterwards declared that seldom, at this season, does the Old Dominion line encounter such rough weather.

The deserted breakfast table Sabbath morning, testified to the wisdom of the many in determining to have a merry voyage while they could, though that merriment might be of short duration. Only six persons out of twenty-eight put in an appearance. Some few afterwards frankly owned themselves victims to that dread nautical malady — sea-sickness — and, in fact, seemed rather to glory in it, as one of the inevitable proofs of having been on a sea voyage. But the majority disclaimed any such weakness, declaring themselves only in need of a little more rest, preferring to be rocked peacefully to sleep in their berths, to the most tempting breakfast. There were still others who assured their anxious friends that they were far too good sailors to be entrapped into any such unequal struggle with their old enemy, the Sea.

It was a grand sight on deck to see the noble vessel rolling and plunging in the waves. But the heavy fog still shrouded us, and the Captain never left his post of outlook. Then we recalled

the words of Captain Kelly the evening before, when our party were gathered in his beautiful room on the upper deck. He was speaking of the perfect confidence he had in his ship. "The *Guyandotte*," he said, "is one of the stanchest steamers afloat. We fear not the fiercest storm. Only a fog, that dread enemy of the mariner, which no light nor sound can far penetrate, has power to cast a shadow of anxiety on officer or sailor." Captain Kelly is an able, efficient and experienced officer, courteous, and thoughtful of the comfort of all, with a quiet dignity that commands respect and confidence. The discipline on shipboard is perfect. Every man is at his post. No duty is neglected. All moves as if by clockwork. There is no loud command, no noise, no confusion; and to the casual observer the ship seems almost to run itself.

But to return to our excursionists. The cold increased with the morning hours, till, for shelter, we sought the "Captain's Room," an apartment on the upper deck, whose luxurious and artistic appointments show that wife and daughters must have had a hand in its adornment. Here we found the Captain's charming wife, who, in former years, had herself accompanied her

husband on more than one whaling voyage, visiting many lands and climes unknown to us. In recounting and listening to the wonders of sea and land, imagination brought the pictured scenes vividly before us.

A little later we sighted a whistling buoy; our attention being first arrested by the low weird moaning sound, which can be heard for several miles. Farther on was a gas-light buoy, that, we were told, will burn for three months without replenishing.

About eleven o'clock the cold moderated somewhat, and rain began to fall. We passed an unsightly lighthouse standing on piles far out in the ocean, and were told that the people inhabiting that homestead raise all their own vegetables. Unwilling to seem to doubt the veracity of our informant, we looked around for some scrap of earth, or even window-garden, but in vain. Then came the explanation—"They raise them with a rope!"

The Virginia coast now appeared plainly in sight, and we entered Hampton Roads, passing Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, and near the scene of the tragic sinking of the *Cumberland*, with her devoted crew, by the *Merrimac*, in the

HAMPTON ROADS.

Spring of '62, when the Union fleet were lying at anchor in these waters, followed by the opportune arrival of the *Monitor*, and the fierce and deadly combat waged between the huge ironclad ram and the "little-cheese-box-on-a-raft," as she was afterwards fondly styled by the Boys in Blue. We now felt that we had indeed reached historic waters, and asked if it was possible that the horrors and cruelties of that long and unnatural Civil War were really enacted within less than twenty-four hours' sail of our own Northern homes? Though the rain still continued, and the sun refused to shine, the land breeze soon brought back the color to the cheek, and the wonted brightness to the eye, and dinner hour saw the guests back in their old places of the afternoon before, with appetites apparently whetted by their long rest and fast.

As these sketches are written in the interest of our Association, and as a reliquary of the trip, it is thought that a record of the names of those composing our party of tourists, might be a gratification to many :

Capt. H. A. Bourne, *Gen'l Sup't of the Old Dominion Steamship Co.*
Mrs. H. A. Bourne.
Miss Nellie Bourne.
Miss Sarah Louise Gibbs.

Capt. J. A. Kelly, *Commander of the "Guyandotte."*
Mrs. J. A. Kelly.
Miss Mattie Kelly.
Mr. H. P. Smith, *Manager and Director.*
Mrs. H. P. Smith.
Mrs. S. L. Gillett.
Miss Kittie Gillett.
Miss Annie Squire.
Miss Mary Dreyer.
Miss Star.
Master Harry Mount.
Mrs. C. C. Knowlton.
Mr. C. H. Hammond.
Master Clarence Hammond.
Mr. A. A. Barclay.
Mrs. A. A. Barclay.
Mr. George Wheeler.
Mrs. George Wheeler.
Mr. Lucas Baker.
Mr. John Robertson.
Miss Agnes Robertson.
Mr. Norman Robertson.
Mr. A. C. Squier.
Mrs. A. C. Squier, *Historian.*

As the hours of the afternoon wore away with no sign of clear weather, and we were now rapidly nearing Newport News, where a part of our company were to leave for a more extended tour West, it was decided to have a photograph taken of the whole party, as a sort of souvenir of the occasion. This was accordingly done, our tourists grouping themselves on and about the grand

staircase leading to the saloon, and in front of the large mirror, where the strongest light was shed. Two interlopers forced their way into the group, and took up a prominent position. As hints and disapproving looks were of no avail to dislodge them, they were not ejected, but remain as fadeless examples of the intrusive traveler, often to be met with. The two doubtless imagined their presence might atone for the absence of three of our own number.

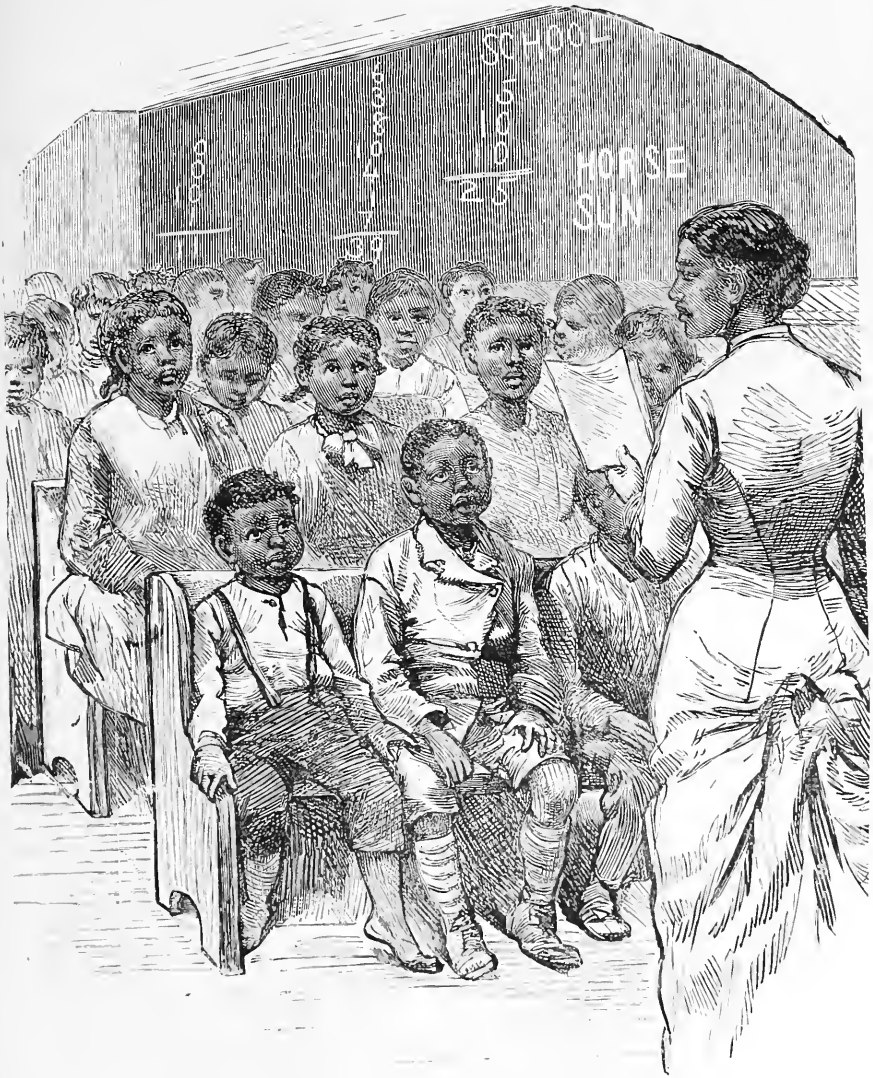
CHAPTER II.

NEWPORT NEWS.

"From labor, health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment ope's the source of every joy."

WE landed at Newport News a little after 2 P.M. Sunday, May 17th. About a hundred negroes stood waiting on the wharf at the entrance to the immense storehouse of the Old Dominion Steamship Company; and as the *Guyandotte* was moored to the dock, the sides of the vessel were apparently thrown open, and gangs of colored stevedores, each with a two-wheeled hand-truck, sprang to the work of unloading the cargo, several hundred tons being landed in a few hours.

The cheerful alacrity of these children of slavery, nimbly running up the steep gang-planks, enlivening their work with songs and jokes, as though it was but a light and pleasant pastime in which they were engaged, is extraordinary. But well may their black faces now



Primary Class, Colored School—Newport News.

shine with a deep and abiding joy, for in place of the cruel Overseer of a few short years ago, who stood with lash and hound upon their track, is now seen the keen, clear-sighted man of business, sitting at a high desk, with a book of record before him, taking note of all the freight that is brought out, and recording the faithful work done, that the well-earned payment shall be prompt and sure.

There are six million negroes in the United States, and they are here to remain. The question which has agitated so many in the past, as to what position the black man is to hold in the future, will in time adjust itself.

In their nature the negroes are happy, noisy, volatile, bubbling over with exuberant spirits. But intelligence is rapidly spreading among the colored people, who now pride themselves upon being able to read and write, a liberty which, years ago, was forbidden by the enactments of the State. Their children are now said to be more regular in attendance at school than those of white parents. The negroes are building churches for themselves, and seek only the society of their own people. Antagonisms are growing less and less between whites and blacks, and the next cen-

tury will find the African fully a citizen, and the two races living quietly and peacefully side by side in this favored land, each in his own sphere, contented and prosperous.

SCHOOL HOUSE.

The natural advantages possessed by this town, in its fine water front, seem never until recently to have been appreciated or utilized. The large covered wharf of this company, used as a passenger pier, is 800 feet long, 162 feet wide, and two stories high. Near the wharf, and connected with it, is a lofty six-story grain-elevator.

The busy activity kept up all along the extensive wharves and immense storehouse at this place, attest the enormous traffic carried on here. The water at this point is twenty-eight feet deep at low tide, and the largest vessels can approach these wharves at any time. The Old Dominion Line runs every week six powerful first-class steamers, the *Guyandotte*, *Roanoke*, *Old Dominion*, *Manhattan*, *Wyanoke* and *Seneca*, making regular trips from New York to Norfolk, Newport News, Old Point Comfort, Petersburg and Richmond. The *Guyandotte* and *Roanoke*, of 2,354 tons burden, are the largest and finest of the fleet. They are iron screw steamships, and fine specimens of their craft, built at Roach's ship-yard in Chester, Pa. These steamships have three decks besides a hurricane-deck, and are supplied with water-tight bulkheads, while model machinery may be seen working in every department. All appliances for the safety and comfort of passengers have been introduced. Thorough ventilation is supplied, and everything is done which experience can suggest to make these steamers the best in the coasting trade.

All these ships are fitted up in the most superb and substantial manner. The saloons and state-

rooms are luxuriously furnished and elegantly decorated, carpeted and upholstered, while the fine-toned piano, together with the paintings which adorn the walls, add to the enjoyment of passengers. A broad, well-lighted staircase leads to the main saloon, which is in the middle of the vessel, and possesses ample accommodation for dining one hundred persons. Each guest has his own seat secured to him at the beginning of the voyage, which consists of a handsomely upholstered revolving chair, that can be taken at any time during the progress of the meal without disturbing others.

The tables are well supplied with every luxury of the season, and during the service of the meal there is nothing to indicate that one is on shipboard; in fact, the dining saloon is on the *table d'hote* plan of a city hotel. Every attention is paid to the wishes and comfort of passengers. The fare for this 500 or 600 miles of ocean voyage seems very reasonable, when we consider that, should hotel rates be deducted from the sum, the fare on this line would average but one cent a mile.

During the company's whole career of fifteen years, through the worst storms and series of

marine disasters, these steamships have always passed in perfect safety, and *not a single life entrusted to its care has ever been lost.* An immense amount of freight is transported north and south by this line. Many would wonder what could be done with such an amount as is brought almost daily to Newport News. Such an apparently dead-and-alive place surely could not use or make it profitable. But we learned that it is from here scattered throughout the south, south-west and west, by the numerous connecting lines of railway.

Agents of the company say that they probably transact business on as large a scale as any other company in this country. The freight taken southward consists of all kinds of merchandise ; while the vessels return laden with all the various agricultural products of field, and forest, and mine, consisting of cotton, tobacco, rice, peanuts, logs, lumber, ore, marble, granite, and also fish, oysters, etc.

The line commenced fifteen years ago, with three steamers of less than 3,000 tons burden combined. Its present popularity and efficiency are largely due to the indefatigable energy and indomitable zeal of the General Superintendent,

together with the efficient corps of Officers of the Old Dominion Steamship Company.

A walk through the small, sleepy town of Newport News, with its one large hotel, underneath which is the Custom House, Post Office, and prominent stores of the place, brings us in sight of the Casino near the water, which is surrounded by an attractive garden, beautiful with trees, flowers, shrubs, arbors, an observatory and fountain.

This park belongs to the Hotel Warwick, and was laid out for the amusement of its guests. The hotel is a handsome building, and is said to have accommodations for three hundred persons. We extended our walk to the beach, and picked up some simple shells and pebbles, such as we find at our own Coney Island. Gathering some bright wild flowers on the way, we retraced our steps to the *Guyandotte*, and found supper awaiting us.

In the evening we gathered in the elegant saloon below, where, with music, singing and cheerful conversation, the hours passed, till the time arrived when Captain Bourne and family were obliged to leave, to continue their journey to Omaha. This first break in our little party

was felt and regretted by all. Later, we retired to our state-rooms to sleep soundly till six next morning. Then awoke to find ourselves at West Point, Va., with the song of the negro, at this landing also, ringing in our ears, as the work of unlading the balance of the cargo was here carried on. Steaming up the York River in the night, our slumbers had not been disturbed, and though we had thus doubtless passed many places of interest and beauty along the shore, we were refreshed for the day of sight-seeing before us.

CHAPTER III.

BY RAIL.

"Lo! here is poetry—the Railway Train!
First the shrill whistle, then the distant roar,
The ascending cloud of steam, the gleaming brass,
The mighty moving arm; and on amain
The mass comes thundering like an avalanche o'er
The quaking earth: a thousand faces pass—
A moment, and are gone like whirlwind sprites,
Scarce seen; so much the roaring speed benights
All sense and recognition for awhile;
A little space, a minute, and a mile.
Then look again, how swift it journeys on—
Away, away, along the horizon,
Like drifted cloud, to its determined place;
Power, speed, and distance, melting into space."

FROM West Point, fifteen of our party, at 8 A.M., took train for Richmond, the others returning by the *Guyandotte*. The Pamunkey and Mattapony rivers meet at this place and form the York river. The railroad runs along the bank of the Pamunkey river, which is a beautiful winding stream, broken by lakes and islands, and fringed with the wild honeysuckle and white blossoms of the dogwood, while water-lilies in full bloom smiled

up at us from its clear depths. The tempting blossoms, hanging in such profusion just beyond our reach, nearly set our travelers wild with longings for the unattainable.

As we speed onward, our attention is arrested by the peculiar names of the different stations called out by the conductor, many of them of Indian origin; Cohoke, Roman Coke, Sweet Hall, Lester Manor, Mattapony, Whitehouse Landing, &c. At Lester Manor a group of persons of distinguished bearing came aboard, one of whom, we soon after learned, was a noted ex-Confederate officer, Col. William R. Aylett, Virginia's most eloquent orator, and at present acting as counsel for the Commonwealth in the famous murder trial of Cluverius.

Col. Aylett with his family were on their way to Richmond, and in friendly converse with him, was the opposing counsel in the case, Mr. Pollard, an ex-Confederate cavalry officer. Learning we were from the North, and in search of information, Col. Aylett kindly and most cordially entertained us with incidents of the battles, in which he had himself taken a prominent part, and pointed out to us the very places along the road we were passing, that had

been occupied by the opposing armies in the fearful days of the Rebellion.

Col. Aylett is a gentleman of polished manners and captivating address, and is most highly and justly esteemed in and around Richmond where he is best known. He was several times wounded during the war, though not seriously, and was once taken prisoner. From a box of choice flowers his wife was taking to friends in the city, he picked some lovely specimens and proffered them as coming from his fine plantation, where he has a large plat of ground set apart for the cultivation of flowers, his wife being passionately fond of them, and able to call each by name. Among the many to us unknown, we recognized some familiar faces in the Johnny-jumper, trumpet-vine, blue and white lupins, white honeysuckle, and the ever sweet and lovely rose-bud.

Col. Aylett showed us an old watch, curious in workmanship, over one hundred years old, brought over from England in the old Colonial days, an heir-loom in the family, mentioned in every will, and left to the eldest son. Inside the heavy case of old gold, on one face, he showed the delicate tracery of lacework, fine and exquisite in

design, though now yellow with age, and slightly torn on one side, cut with scissors, as he told us, by his great-grandmother long years ago. This is but an instance of the value put upon heir-looms and mementoes of the past by those of our old families who can claim a history. This is true everywhere, north and south, at home or abroad. It is only the newly-fledged aristocracy, who care not to look too far into the past, who value only modern and showy furniture, and the jewel of latest design and newest fashion.

White House, where the train stopped for a moment, is said to be the site of Washington's marriage to Martha Custis in 1759. During the late war it was an important depot of supplies.

At Savage Station one of the most desperate and sanguinary battles of the "Seven Days' Fighting" under McClellan, in his retreat to the James River, was fought. A section of the earthworks and rifle-pits then thrown up, still remains and the position of the contending forces can be distinctly discerned. This station had been the depot for unloading and storing supplies for the troops. On the north side of the railroad was a cleared field of several acres, which was occupied as a Camp Hospital, containing twenty-five hundred

sick and wounded men, with the necessary surgeons and attendants. The tents were laid out in rows, each accommodating fifteen or twenty disabled soldiers on clean, comfortable beds.

About 5 P.M. of Sunday, June 29th, 1862, a hot sultry day, the battle of Savage Station began, and raged with great fury till darkness ended the fight. The Union forces steadily drove back the Confederates, but with heavy loss, particularly in the 5th Vermont Regiment, which had been nearly annihilated in a desperate charge upon the enemy. When the engagement was over, our troops held the contested field. And when it was suggested to Gen. Sumner that he should carry out Gen. McClellan's orders, and cross White Oak Swamp that night, his indignant reply was: "No! I never leave a victorious field." But Gen. Sumner was at last convinced of the necessity of the movement, and with reluctance complied. But the field hospital, with the sick, wounded and attendants, had to be left behind, when the army fell back during the night.

Gen. W. B. Franklin, in his account of this fight, declares that "no such material for soldiers was ever in the field before. They had been soldiers less than a year, yet their behavior in

this movement foreshadowed that of the successful veterans of the Appomattox."

We passed the battle-ground of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, as it is called here, from seven trees standing in the cemetery near by. Col. Aylett was wounded in this battle, and taken prisoner at Sailors' Station, Appomattox. The Union fortifications were here of great strength; but recently a foreigner bought the field and in making improvements, leveled them to the ground. A National Military Cemetery is maintained here by the government.

McClellan's headquarters cannot be seen from the road. But in the spacious door-yard still stand the old trees from which the name of "Fair Oaks" was derived. The tops of all these oaks are gone, shot off a score of years ago, when balls and shells were flying thick and fast. Shattered trees and trunks of old pines fairly honeycombed with bullets, attest the fierce and bitter strife.

After what seemed a very short ride, full of interest and delight, we entered Richmond and alighted at the depot, a long, low, whitewashed, wooden shed; and this we found to be an apparent model for all like structures in the State. Leav-

ing our baggage on the steamer *Old Dominion*, by which we were to return to New York, we took a short ride round the city on our way to take train for Petersburg. The hacks, and colored drivers with their invariably smiling faces and seeming look of welcome to the stranger, present a marked contrast to the hackmen of New York. It is said that one-half the population of the city is colored, and, from the number of black faces encountered at every turn, we could readily believe it.

CHAPTER IV.

EN ROUTE FOR PETERSBURG.

But that broad causeway will direct your way,
And you may reach the town by noon of day.—*Dryden.*

AT eleven, A. M., we left the city for Petersburg, the theater of some of the most momentous scenes of the great drama of the civil war. Leaving Richmond, we can form a better idea of the strength and almost impregnable character of the breastworks and defences thrown up around that city. For miles out, the entire distance is ridged with redoubts and indented with rifle-pits; the whole line of road is historic. At Drewry's Bluff can be seen at intervals, the chain of earthworks, a quarter of a mile apart, thrown up by Beauregard, now overgrown by underbrush and pines.

A terrific battle was fought here on the 16th of May, 1864. Butler charged and tried to carry the fortifications, but was repulsed three times, with heavy loss. The carnage at this

place was fearful, and bones and skeletons are still found in the woods around, of the brave men who had fallen in battle. The building is still standing at Chester Station that was used as a hospital for four or five days by Butler. The railroad was here torn up for five miles. The earthworks thrown up by Gen. Grant can be seen near Fort Hawthorn.

We met Dr. Hartman, of Petersburg, on the train, to whom we are indebted for many incidents of interest. Of Northern birth, Dr. Hartman was forced into the rebel ranks, while his heart and sympathy were with the Union. While thus compelled to take up arms against his country, he had a father and brother fighting under the old flag; and thus to him were known all the horrors of a civil war.

CHAPTER V.

PETERSBURG.

Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again ;
That she may long live here, God say—Amen !
—*King Richard III.*

WE arrived in this quaint old city a little past noon, and took our way to the Bollingbrook hotel, a large, square, stuccoed edifice, where, our coming having been telegraphed, we found dinner in readiness, and our party sat down to a table laden with choice Southern dishes. After doing full justice to the *menu*, we were ready to add our testimony to that of others —that this hotel is justly famed for its fine table.

Taking carriages, we were driven out of the city *via* the Jerusalem Plank Road, visiting the fields of conflict around this battle-scarred town, where some of the most stupendous and sanguinary struggles of the war took place. These

battle fields were rendered of special interest to us by the fact that one of our number, Mr. H. P. Smith, was seriously wounded in the charge on Fort Stedman, over Harrow's old race course, where raged the terrific conflict of the 18th of June, 1864, twelve thousand killed and wounded on both sides.

The old locust tree, under which he, with other wounded, had gained a momentary shelter from the leaden hail of that fearful day, was found still standing, apparently unchanged—a lonely sentinel to mark the seat of carnage and death of twenty years ago. Sketches having been taken of the old tree, our visitors contented themselves with carrying away as trophies, some of its murderous looking thorns, and picking up from the field old canteens and pieces of exploded shells.

Our intelligent colored drivers served as guides. They have the history of each place by heart, and by continued repetition and addition, have their story complete in all details; told with the pure negro accent, only heard in its perfection at the South, new interest was given to the theme. Our driver, with mustache, tall hat and white duster, who went under the euphonious name of

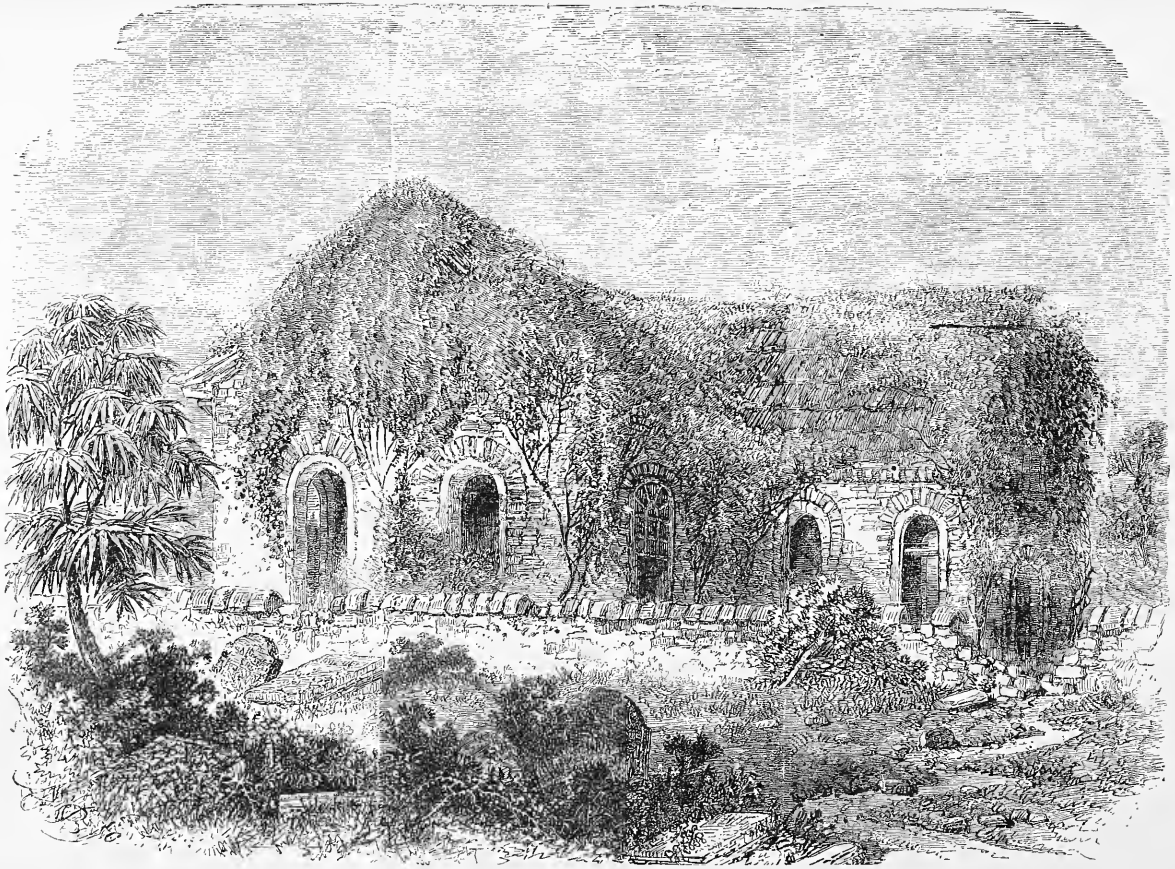
Old Locust Tree.

From a pen-and-ink sketch by L. S. Squier.

"Dixie," was a genuine specimen of the real Southern darkie, the house-servant of slavery times, happy, careless, contented.

He had belonged to Gen. Littlejohn, and served him as a hostler during the war of the Rebellion. When asked if he wasn't just as happy when a slave as now, he answered: "To tell de truf, yes. I had a good massa. De only trouble I eber hab was when I cry for de udder niggers who did not hab any kindness." Indeed, his face was sunshine, black as it was, and he seemed one of those natures who find only joy in all the vicissitudes of life. In winding up his simple history he said, turning his beaming countenance upon his auditors, "I now owns my own team, and I nebber hab any bad luck; and it seems as if I's just born for good times."

The fields around here, where thousands were killed and wounded, are now covered with the blood-red blossoms of the German clover. The ladies picked bouquets of the beautiful flowers, at the same time weaving a little mental romance, to tell, as they exhibited their blossoms to wondering eyes at the North, how the sympathetic clover turned to its present deep-red hue



Old Blandford Church.

in consequence of the blood so freely shed years ago.

About a mile out from the city, on an eminence to the left, stands the Old Blandford Church, now but a ruin. About its crumbling walls cluster the memories of a century and a half. It witnessed the early struggles between the aborigines and the early settlers. It was old when our infant Republic was born. It has stood unscathed through all the many changes and scenes of war and peace in the history of our beloved land, till in hoary age it looked out upon the closing drama of the war for the Union, enacted almost at its very doors. The old ivy-grown walls remain intact, but the windows are gone, and the flooring has rotted away. The church has not been used as a place of public worship since the early part of the present century, from which time its decay has been very rapid. The bricks of which it was built were brought from England in 1735. Inside, the church is bare of furniture or decoration. Two wooden tablets adorn the walls on which are inscribed some appropriate and beautiful lines, composed by a visitor to this venerable pile.

"THESE LINES WERE WRITTEN ON THESE WALLS FORTY YEARS AGO BY SOME UNKNOWN PERSON."

Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile !
Thou art hastening to thy fall,
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall.
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft, in years gone by,
Prayers rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High ;
The tramp of many a busy foot
That sought thy aisles, is o'er,
And many a weary heart around,
Is still forever more.

How doth ambition's hope take wing,
How droops the spirit now !
We hear the distant city's din ;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves ;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows,
The grass above them waves.

Oh ! could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again :
How would our very souls be stirred,
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

—*A Stranger.*

There have been many claimants to the authorship of these verses, but the preponderance of evidence is in harmony with the popular belief

that they are from the pen of Tyrone Power, an Irish actor of versatile talents, who was visiting the city at the time the lines were discovered written in pencil on the crumbling wall, in 1841. His not infrequent contributions to the local papers had made his name and fame familiar to the residents of Petersburg. But his sudden and tragic death on one of the Mississippi steamboats shortly afterwards, has forever prevented the positive verification of the authorship.

Under these verses is an oaken tablet bearing the names of thirteen persons killed here during the Revolutionary war, when a troop of British cavalry made a raid upon the church.

Thus to more than one sanguinary deed, perpetrated within its walls, has this old sanctuary been a witness in days that are gone. A foreigner of gentle birth, noble presence, and fascinating manners, settled in this city, and entered extensively into business. He became deeply enamored with the beauty and winning graces of the daughter of a prominent citizen. At first he believed his attachment reciprocated. But her sudden marriage to another cast a blight upon his existence, and he sought the solitude of this old

ruin, where he might end his misery with his life.

The cemetery has been enlarged since the war, to four or five times its former size, the whole surrounded by a high, substantial, brick wall. The original wall, partly fallen to decay, and overgrown with ivy, still stands; and within this inner inclosure, are to be found the ancient tombstones, defaced by time and covered with mould, some of the inscriptions being wholly illegible. General Phillips, of Revolutionary memory, was taken sick in Petersburg in 1781, when the British forces held possession of that city. After a short illness he died, and was buried in the south-eastern angle of this old church-yard. He was a haughty and cruel enemy; and, accompanied by Arnold, wantonly destroyed the shipping in the river, and private dwellings, besides committing many other like outrages.

The oldest date decipherable in the grave-yard is 1702. Near the church a broad and heavy head-stone is pointed out, finely carved at the top, with a medallion group of the three persons interred beneath. It was struck by a shell and a minie-ball, when the city was under

fire from the Union guns, a piece carried away, and the stone broken completely across the center. But the fracture was of such a character, that the upper half has been replaced, and set in a sort of groove, where by a touch it can be rocked back and forth, yet will not fall. The quaint inscription on this old stone reads:

Here Lyes
The Body of A. M. McConnald
Who Departed this Life,
The 29th of Octbr in th Year
1788 in the 49th year of his age.
Also The Body of Jane
McConnald Who Depatd
This Life the 1st of November
In the 30th Year of her age
And Daniel McConnald
Who Departed this Life the
12th of June 1790, the 2d year of
His Age.

The cemetery is still used as a place of burial, and from here a lovely view can be obtained of

the surrounding country. Every foot of ground for miles around this church is historic, having been fought over and over again by the contending armies.

As we continue our ride, Gen. Hancock's headquarters are pointed out, and further along, those of Gen. Grant can be discerned. Also the little church built by the Union soldiers at Poplar Grove, during the long and weary siege of 1864-5, afterwards, when about to leave for Five Forks, presented by them to their enemies.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE CRATER."

A thousand glorious actions that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.—*Addison.*

A SHORT distance on is a sharp declivity. Dismounting from our carriages and ascending the slope, we stand upon the edge of the "Crater," the chasm created by the great mine explosion under Fort Pilgrim. It is now covered with a rank growth of underbrush and small trees; and here, in the very mouth of the "Crater," one of our party discovered a bird's nest,—emblem of the long years of peace and promise which have intervened since those days of deadly carnage.

The origin of the "Crater" was as follows: Lieut.-Col. Pleasants, with his battalion of Sappers and Miners from Pennsylvania, conceived the idea of mining and blowing up a battery of the enemy. This did not at first meet with much encouragement from head-

quarters, but by persistence Col. Pleasants finally gained permission to carry out his scheme. Though successful, it was productive of no benefit to the Union arms, because of the failure of the proper officers to follow it up with an immediate and decisive charge. Had this failure not occurred the fort would probably have fallen an easy prey to our arms.

The mining was commenced the 25th of June, 1864, and completed the 28th of July. The charge consisted of eight thousand pounds of powder. The size of the "Crater" was over 200 feet long, by 50 feet wide, and 25 feet deep. The explosion took place at daybreak on the 30th of July. The enemy, having obtained information of the existence of the mine, had commenced searching for it, and Gen. Lee had a counter-mine, in the shape of a crescent, sunk in front of the very spot where the explosion took place.

From the edge of the "Crater" the whole vast arena of war lies spread out before the spectator. The ground is broken by lines of redoubts, batteries, and fortifications, erected by the Union army. These must be seen to be appreciated in their magnitude. From the Appomattox, on the

right, to Hatches' Run, on the left, is an unbroken line of defences many miles long; while opposed to them fort for fort, and battery for battery, is an almost parallel line of fortifications thrown up by the Confederate army. In some places the opposing lines are not more than three hundred feet apart. The closing scenes of the war were here enacted. For long weeks and months these contending forces had faced each other, watchful and vigilant, though in apparent inactivity. But with the spring of '65 the armies roused to action, and the thunder and roar of battle was heard on every side. Here President Lincoln visited the army and reviewed the troops one short month before he passed away from the scenes of earth forever.

The assaults upon forts Baldwin and Gregg are claimed to be two of the most brilliant of the war. With their fall the fate of Petersburg was sealed. From the parapet the "stars and stripes" were unfurled to the breeze with a mighty shout from the victorious army.

The owner of Griffith Farm, the old battle ground, derives a good revenue by the exhibition of relics. He has a building devoted to mementoes of the war, which are shown to tourists, and

each is expected to make some remuneration for a sight of these really valuable trophies, together with the general information given of personal incidents and recollections of battle. One rifle was shown with a minie-ball in the stock, and otherwise fairly riddled with bullets and other projectiles. Two minie-balls flattened against each other into a perfect bull's-eye were about the most wonderful objects displayed. They had evidently been projected with equal force from opposite directions, and meeting in mid-air point to point, had thus been stopped on their errand of death; according to the sentiment expressed by our artist friend, Mr. Baker, symbolical of the insolubility of our Union,—"one and inseparable."

There are said to be tons of metal lying about the country in this neighborhood. Every season the farmers plough up bullets, buttons, and shells whole and in fragments. On every hand can be picked up balls imbedded in wood, old carbines, sabres, spurs, buckles, rusty locks and pieces of guns, that have lain there for a score of years. Our party did not pass this rich opportunity by, and when we re-entered our carriages for the return trip, it was to find them already

paved with bombs and cannon-balls, rusty canteens and bayonets, to be taken north as mementoes of the war.

Leaving the "Crater," we drove by green meadows and cultivated fields, passing the huts and log cabins of the negro, with chimneys, often of solid masonwork, built on the outside. In many instances the cabin had entirely disappeared, and only the chimney remained. Little darkies with one garment on, laughing and grinning, with groups of all ages and colors in the background, formed a picture for an artist's pencil. The bare-footed negro ploughing in the field, with one steer harnessed with old ropes and chains, or strips of sheepskin, is an example of contentment and industry.

Rifle-pits and breast-works appear all along the roadside, and mark the line of battle. We had time for only a look at Fort Davis, a large square fortification, in comparatively good condition. Fort Sedgwick is pointed out, being nearly hidden by a growth of tall grass and young trees. During the war it acquired the very irreverent sobriquet of "Fort Hell," from its exposed and prominent position, and the almost constant fire kept up. Fort Mahone, which opposed it, was

NEGRO CABIN.

stigmatized "Fort Damnation." It is said "scarcely a day passed without witnessing a heavy artillery duel, and each hour could be heard the shrill sharp report of some iron messenger of death."

The history of this old town is full of interest, from the time of the first permanent settlement made at the head of navigation on the Appomattox river, in 1645, and the erection of Fort Henry, on the present site of Petersburg. It figured conspicuously both in the War of Independence, and that of 1812, and also in the Mexican War. In 1780, a strong force of British troops, under the command of the traitor Arnold, was sent to subdue the rebellious colony. The invaders met with but feeble resistance from the colonial troops, and much public and private property was destroyed. But the following year, the city made a gallant stand against the invaders, and they were successfully repulsed. Although a reward of five thousand guineas was offered by the Governor for his head, Arnold reached Portsmouth in safety. The honorable part borne by Petersburg in the War of 1812, gained for her the proud title of the Cockade City.

Petersburg boasts the second-largest tobacco manufactory in the United States. It is a quiet town, not much changed since war times. Business is good, and by industry and frugality many shattered fortunes have been repaired, and ruined homes rebuilt. With a confused picture of what had been seen, surging through the brain, we left our carriages and friendly drivers at the depot, to find ourselves just in time for the evening train.

CHAPTER VII.

BACK TO RICHMOND.

Through the mould and through the clay,
Through the corn and through the hay,
By the margin of the lake,
O'er the river, through the brake,
O'er the bleak and dreary moor.
On we hie with screech and roar,
    Splashing! flashing!
    Crashing! dashing!
Over ridges, gullies, bridges!
    By the bubbling rill and mill,
    Highways, by-ways, Hollowhill.
* * * * * *
On! on! with a thump, and a bump, and a roll!
Hiss the fire-fiend to its destined goal!

—*Matthew Hale Smith.*

THE soil of Virginia is very peculiar. On the surface it is sandy, and to the casual observer seems barren; in fact the poverty of this sacred soil is generally acknowledged. But we observed along the line of the railroad, where the earth had been turned over and dug out to any depth, a substratum of red clay beneath the sandy surface, the soil presenting in many places all the colors of the rainbow in the upheaved earth.

A fellow-traveler, a native Virginian, near us, remarked: "Our soil is poor in itself, but it is very kind. With its clay bottom it holds all that is put on it. We use fertilizers in raising wheat and corn, a sort of shell marl which, with a little thrift and energy produces good crops."

South of Petersburg is the peanut raising country. Around the Appomattox, tobacco is the staple product. The seasons seem to have changed within a few years, and are at least a month later in this State than formerly.

Without special event of moment, at 6 P.M. we a second time entered the Capital City, and tired and hungry, sought the *Old Dominion.* Captain Smith gave us a hearty welcome, and we sat down to a supper served in fine style.

The Captain, a tried and trusted officer, possesses the power of making his guests feel at home, by his easy, affable manners and pleasing conversation. He enjoys equally a game of whist or euchre, or a quiet social chat. Yet one never forgets he is in the presence of the commander of the ship, one always prompt and ready, attending personally to all duties. The *Old Dominion* is a side-wheeler, slower than the *Guyandotte,* but a stanch steamship, with large

saloons and state-rooms, furnished with elegance and taste.

Having letters from friends in Brooklyn to several prominent citizens of Richmond, we called that evening on Col. Norman Randolph, an ex-Confederate officer, a true Virginian gentleman, and a direct descendant of Pocahontas. We were kindly and cordially received and entertained, the Colonel afterwards sending invitations to the opening of the Lee Home for Confederate soldiers. This building, now complete, was put up largely by subscriptions from members of the Grand Army of the Republic throughout the Union, many being in the city at this time, by invitation, as guests at the opening.

The people of the South, with commendable spirit, have accepted the results of the War, and now affirm that the unhappy differences of the past, have been buried below the touch of resurrection. They see a new era opening before them, in the growing interests of the country, giving promise of a return of wealth, industry and enterprise. Strangers are gladly welcomed to the Old Dominion, and are received on their own merits. As a Virginian

remarked in our hearing: "We know a gentleman as soon as we see one, and welcome him as such, without regard to nationality. But we don't fraternize with Northern adventurers."

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray."

CHAPTER VIII.

RICHMOND.

Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty;
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bear,
Ships, towers, domes, theaters and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
* * * * * *
The river glideth at its own sweet will,
* * * * * *
And all that mighty heart is lying still.—*Wordsworth.*

WE started out next morning early to see Richmond by daylight. Took carriages, but found the drivers less intelligent than at Petersburg. We first stopped at the famed Libby Prison, a miserable, rough brick structure, now used as a fertilizing manufactory, the odor therefrom being overpowering to ordinary nerves, some being prostrated thereby. Others anxious to penetrate to the inner recesses, where the names of prisoners were carved on the floors,

windows and doors, were not desirous of long lingering over the scenes of a sad and horrible past, but were glad soon to escape from the odors of the present and the memories of the past. It seems fitting that this place of torment and misery of other times, should continue to be one of abhorrence and disgust to the present day.

Washington's headquarters were pointed out, —an old dilapidated stone building, unimposing and unattractive, except historically. We went through a large tobacco factory, and were shown the different processes the weed passes through, from the crude leaf to the highest state of refinement. Several hundred boys and girls, and men and women were at work. These hands, mostly blacks, seemed to enjoy the employment, singing merrily over their work. Their average wages are said to be from $6.00 to $8.00 a week.

From thence we drove to Hollywood Cemetery, situated on a high eminence overlooking the James River. It is a beautiful spot, with a lovely view of woods, rivers, hills and plains. The avenues are steep and shaded by huge oaks of natural growth, and holly-trees; roses were in full bloom and flowering shrubs laden with blossoms. We alighted and stood by the tomb of President

Monroe, picking a tea-rose bud growing beside the grave. The simple inscription reads:

JAMES MONROE,
Born in Westminster, Va.,
28th April, 1758;
Died in the City of New York,
July 4th, 1831.

The tomb of President Tyler is near by, unmarked by even a stone. The monument to the Confederate dead is an object of special interest and beauty. It is a pyramid of light gray stone, fifty feet square at the base, and ninety feet in height, covered nearly to the summit with the Virginia-creeper—the woodbine of the North. It was erected by the ladies of Virginia in honor of their dead. It has been stated, though not vouched for as a fact, that the cap-stone was placed upon the top by a convict from the States Prison, who was granted his liberty for accomplishing the feat. Around the foot of this monument are 12,000 graves, each marked by a single stake.

Under the shade of a large pine, in the

southwestern part of the Soldiers' Cemetery, stands a plain granite shaft, on which is inscribed:

"Catherine Hodges, Co. K., 5th La., 1863."

One woman among an army of men. In some of the city parades that marked the early days of the war, she would march, in gay costume, at the head of the command to which she was attached. Her mission was to nurse the sick and care for the wounded; but disease soon struck her down, and she was buried amidst the soldiers she had tended in life.

Coming back, we passed the Barracks which were occupied by the Union Forces while Richmond was in military possession of Gen. Grant; also passing the Governor's residence. We drove by the State Penitentiary with its whitewashed walls, and learned that nine out of ten of all the inmates were negroes. Our attention was just here arrested by a chain-gang going to work; all were colored men. Indeed, the great number of negroes on every hand is a marked feature. We passed groups of ebony cherubs, and others as dark but not so cherubic, arrayed in all garbs and colors.

The vehicles in the streets of Richmond are

CHAIN-GANG AT WORK.

peculiar. The teams are for the most part one mule; though sometimes one sees two mules driven tandem; or perhaps one little steer harnessed with ropes, and hitched to a clumsy two-wheeled cart. These are the farm wagons of Virginia.

Farm Wagon of Virginia.

Here our paths divided, as we parted from our fellow tourists to call on a friend, and were by him persuaded to remain and visit his family, at their residence in the upper part of the city. Thus we had an opportunity to see more of

the attractions of this beautiful and picturesque city. These friends, being acquainted with all objects and points of special interest and beauty in and around the Capital, took us in their carriage to various places not before visited.

Richmond, like Rome, is built on seven hills, and is noted for the beauty of its river scenery and surroundings. We first drove to Chimborazo Park, with its well-kept grassy lawns and smooth drives. Our attention was arrested by the signs up here and there: "STOCK MUST NOT DEPREDATE." From thence we went to Churchill Park, located on a high elevation commanding a fine prospect of city and river.

> "Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
> Here earth and water seem to strive again."

From this point we took some fine views of city, river, and surrounding country. We next visited Gamble Hill, overlooking the James, which forms an elbow at this point. In the foreground are seen the Navy Yard and Tredegar Iron Works, where were forged most of the heavy guns and war implements of the Rebellion. In the distance is Belle Isle, where Federal prisoners were confined during the War. The long iron railroad bridge, standing on its stone abutments, with its many

intervening pillars for support, occupying the site of the one burned by order of the military authorities on the evacuation of the city in 1865, stretches away imposingly upon the view. A number of hulks of vessels, blown up during the Rebellion, still remain in the river, forming obstructions to navigation at this point. The commerce of Richmond has been steadily recovering from the effect of its almost total suspension during war times. Regular steamers now ply between that city and New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk. Richmond is divided into two sections. The lower and older portion is devoted to business; commerce and tobacco manufactories being the most important of its industries. The upper part of the city is very beautiful, having many charming avenues lined with shade-trees, while fine residences and elegant mansions surrounded by gardens, are fairly hidden in rich foliage and shrubbery, from which are wafted cool odorous breaths. It was near the twilight hour when we alighted after this long and delightful drive.

Having an amateur's photographic outfit with us, we sought the studio of some friendly artist, to beg the use of his "dark-room" for change of

plates. Fortune directed us to the elegant gallery of Campbell & Co., Broad Street, where the kind reception and cordial aid extended to us as strangers, when informed of our errand, will always be remembered. From Mr. Campbell we gained much interesting and valuable information in regard to places and persons, spiced with many racy anecdotes, told with a charm of manner, at once forceful and impressive. His portraits of prominent men of the South were finely executed, and showed, in the clear delineation and natural pose of the figure, the true artist. One portrait of the daughter of Wade Hampton was especially lovely.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EARLY STROLL.

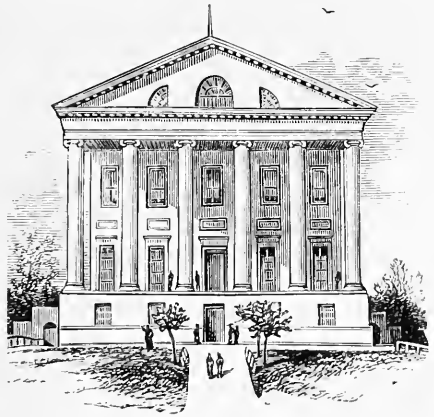
"The dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb,
And glowing into day."

WE were up by dawn next morning, determined to lose no hours of daylight in our all too limited visit to this charming Southern city. Wending our way to Capitol Square, we passed through the high iron gates into the Park, to obtain a nearer view of Crawford's colossal equestrian statue of Washington, claimed to be the grandest work of the kind in this country. It is of bronze, elevated on an immense marble column; while on pedestals, around and beneath Washington, are six pedestrian figures, of Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and other of Virginia's illustrious sons. Surrounding the pedestal are allegorical figures in bronze, representing Colonial Times, Justice,

Finance, Independence, Bill of Rights, and Revolution.

Not far from this monument is a fine bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson, standing upon a pedestal of Virginia granite, ten feet high. It is one of the best works of the late Mr. Foley, the great English sculptor.

The Capitol is of the Græco-composite style of architecture, unattractive save for its commanding site, and historical associations and relics. It was modelled by Thomas Jefferson, after



The Capitol.

an ancient Roman temple in France, the corner-stone being laid in 1785. Within the building are the oldest State records in America, continuous from the year 1620. A fine statue

of the "Father of his Country," by Houdon, adorns the rotunda. This statue was made from models taken from casts of Washington's head and body. A bust of Lafayette, also by Houdon, is near this statue.

An interesting relic is a stove made in England; an elegant affair seven feet high, having three stories, and weighing one ton. When shipped from London, the maker, under date of August 15th, 1770, declared it to be a "master-piece of workmanship, unsurpassed in grandeur and unequaled in all Europe." This stove was used in the Legislative Halls for sixty years, and afterwards served to warm the Rotunda of the Capitol for about forty years more. It was then laid away, its days of usefulness over, and now stands an object of wonder and curiosity to the visitor.

A fine view of the city and its surroundings can be obtained from the roof of the Capitol. The grounds are very beautiful with their well kept paths and swards, shaded by venerable elms, in and about which play the birds and squirrels: the latter so tame that they will nibble food out of one's hand, and even find their way into the pocket in search of peanuts.

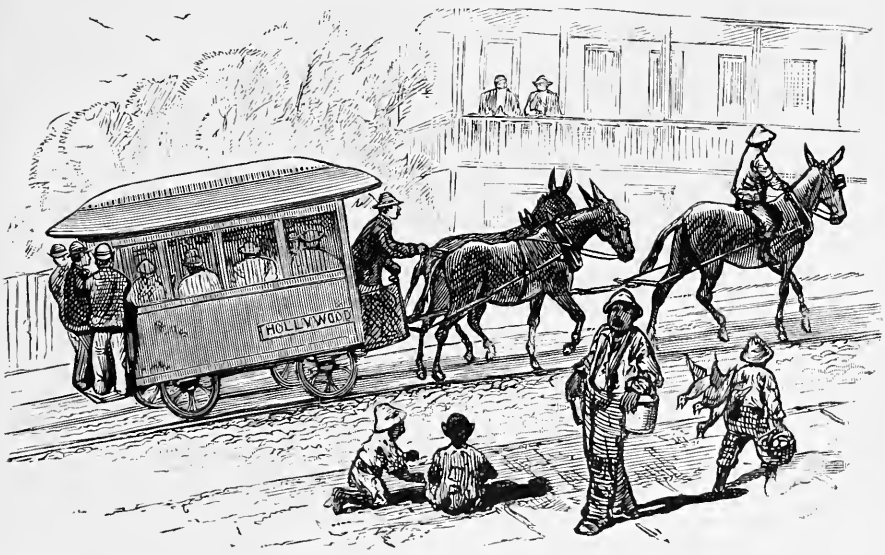
CHILDREN FEEDING SQUIRRELS IN CAPITOL SQUARE.

With our now well-filled plate-holders, we adjusted the camera, and proceeded to take photographic views of Monument, Capitol, etc.; when suddenly Wilks' Post, of Trenton, N. J., appeared upon the scene. Easily persuading the members to group themselves around Washington Monument, their military presence added an attractive feature to the view taken.

Having secured pictures of those objects we deemed of special interest, we had about concluded it must be nearing the breakfast hour, and that our friends would become impatient at longer delay, when we were approached by a man in civilian's clothes, who, lifting his hat, said: "I beg pardon, but may I ask if you have been successful in taking views this morning?" Being answered in the affirmative, he replied: "Well, I am glad to hear it, and wish to congratulate you, for an old statute has recently been brought to light, making it unlawful to take photographs of public places or buildings within the city limits, without a license; and, as the revenue officer, it would have been my duty to have stopped you, had I arrived earlier on the scene." Residents of Richmond say, with impatience, one can hardly wink in this city without a license.

Well satisfied with the success of our morning stroll, we retraced our steps to the house without further adventure or incident of moment; soon after bidding adieu to our friends, with many thanks for courtesies extended.

Taking horse-cars, we rode to the suburbs, and



HORSE-CAR.

there strolled at leisure through the different streets, back to the more bustling thoroughfares of the city.

Among other memorable places seen, was the home of Mrs. Van Lews, which was, during the

war, a sort of house of refuge for Union soldiers. During the dark days of the Rebellion, this lady remained true to the flag of her country, and showed her devotion to the cause, by giving aid and succor to the suffering prisoners within the city. It is said that, at one time, twenty-five of these Union fugitives from the horrors of a rebel prison, were concealed by her, between the roof and ceiling of the porch in the rear of her house, and afterwards aided, one by one, to escape.

CHAPTER X.

THE FEATHERED SONGSTERS OF THE SOUTH.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?—*Pope.*

THE singing of Southern birds is famous throughout the United States, and claims from us at least a passing notice. Every night and morning along the banks of the James river, bird concerts are given of so fine a character, that if announced to take place in New York, would close out all the theaters and operas on that night.

The whistling of the crested-cardinals at four o'clock in the morning, is so deafening, that the stranger, hearing them for the first time, cannot sleep. The mocking-bird, considered by both Audabon and Tenny to be the superior of the

English nightingale, combines in itself the love-passion of the English philomel for its mate, and the sky-lark's gate-knocking song at the very portals of heaven.

This has become the musical sensation of the South. Northern ladies on the Mississippi steamboats, put down on their shopping-cards such and such a notable store, and add: "Do not forget to go to hear Dr. Palmer of New Orleans preach, and the mocking-bird sing." Its song is alone worth a trip to the South to hear.

The following poem, picked up out of the garbage-basket of a friend, will serve to exhibit the dilemma into which lovers find themselves sometimes suddenly and inextricably plunged, through the mimicry and memory of this notorious echo-bird parodist:

HOW THE MOCKING BIRD BROKE UP A MATCH.

Down, 'way down on the shores of Alabamma,
Down where the summer never dies,
There lived a lovely maid, and the sparkling ripples played
In the still dark eddies of her eyes.
And
This maiden had a lover, as you'll presently discover,
Whom she lost very much to her surprise,
Down where her love never dies,
Down on the shores of Alabamma.

Down, 'way down in the groves of Alabamma,
Down where the orange moonlight lies,
Stood a man and maiden near, till he whispered "kiss me, dear,"
And she said, as she lifted up her eyes,
"Yes,
But don't you dare to tell Rob; don't you, don't you tell him."
And the rest you can easily surmise,
Down where the orange moonlight lies,
Down in the groves of Alabamma.

Down, 'way down in the vales of Alabamma,
Down where the mocking-bird replies,
As Robert passed along, he heard this warning song
From the voice of his beloved in disguise:
"Yes,
But don't you dare to tell Rob; don't you, don't you tell him."
And thoughts very naturally arise,
Down where the mocking-bird replies,
Down in the vales of Alabamma.

Down, 'way down in her home in Alabamma,
Down in her home, the maiden sighs,
While the bird that Robert sent, as his parting compliment,
From its cage in her window pertly cries,
"Yes,
But don't you dare to tell Rob; don't you, don't you tell him."
And oh! how that bird she does despise;
But she'll never *kiss* again until she dies,
Down where she sits and sighs,
Down in her home in Alabamma.—*S. Miller Hageman.*

CHAPTER XI.

SOME OF THE CHURCHES.

"Howbeit, God dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

"Not in buildings made with hands
Hath Jehovah placed His name;
In hearts contrite His temple stands,
Where through the Spirit's holy flame,
True worshipers adore their Lord,
Instructed by His living WORD.
So great a price our Lord hath placed
Upon a heart with meekness graced,
That such a heart we boldly dare
Denominate a 'house of prayer.'"

WE must not leave the capital without a glance at some of its churches. St. John's, the oldest, and for many years the only church edifice in Richmond, is rich in historic associations. The erection of this venerable edifice was commenced in 1739, on what was then known as Indian Hill, the name being afterwards changed to Church Hill. It was completed in 1740. The bricks of which it was built were burnt on the ground.

Before and during the Revolutionary War, it was the sanctuary of patriotism as well as of

religion. Hallowed memories cluster about its crumbling walls. It was here that Patrick Henry uttered his immortal words: "Give me liberty or give me death." Some of the old tombstones in the grave-yard are very curious; and many of the inscriptions almost impossible to decipher from their great age.

The second church erected in Richmond was the Monumental, which stands on the site of the Richmond Theater, destroyed by fire in 1811, when seventy people perished in the flames. The governor and many of the most highly esteemed citizens, were among the

Monumental Church.

number. The present structure is octagonal. In the front portico is a monument to the

victims of that terrible disaster, and beneath it their ashes repose.

St. Paul's, with its sharp, slender, beautiful spire, is one of the principal Episcopal churches. Jefferson Davis attended here, and was at worship on Sunday, April 2, 1865, when, in the midst of the sermon, by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Minnegrode, a messenger entered, touched Jeff Davis on the shoulder, and informed him of the surrender of Lee. We are told he waited not for the benediction, but speedily left.

The old Negro meeting-house, called the First African Baptist Church, is the most attractive to the stranger. It is of brick, and has a membership of two thousand colored people. It was built by the whites, but given to the negroes on the completion of a new and handsome edifice. Throngs crowd the building, and the doors are often blockaded. The service is remarkable for the wild pathos of singing and discourse.

St. James' is also a large and costly church. The rector, the Rev. Dr. Peterkin, is greatly beloved and honored by citizens of all denominations. In disposition, he is so kind, gentle and

benign, so forgetful of self, so disinterested and loving in character, that his praise seems in the mouth of all.

The love of chickens by the African race, and their light-fingered proclivities, are proverbial. One night the rector's hen-coop was rifled, and every chicken taken. When informed of the theft perpetrated, Dr. Peterkin, after a moment's silence, simply replied: "Well, I hope some poor persons have them who need them more than I do."

At a church social, not long since, a young lady approached the rector, and said:

"I tremble for you, Doctor; I wouldn't be in your place for a great deal."

"Why; what have I done that is so terrible?" was the astonished answer.

"Just this, sir, the Bible says, 'Woe unto him of whom all men speak well.'"

The amusement and applause that followed, showed the joke was appreciated by all present, and the estimate in which the beloved rector was held. A speaking life-sized portrait of Dr. Peterkin hangs in the gallery of Campbell & Co., and the face interprets the man.

CHAPTER XII.

PLANTATION LIFE.

This fond attachment to the well-known place
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day.—*Cowper.*

HAVING renewed our acquaintance with Col. Aylett, in Richmond, we received from him a cordial invitation to visit his plantation, situated between the Mattapony and Pamunkey rivers, in King William's County.

From Richmond we went by rail to Lester Manor, and from thence, by private conveyance, for eighteen miles through the country, past woods and glades, fertile fields, and land run to waste; and along the line of Sheridan's march, in his detour around Richmond. The noble trees on either hand, attest that the forests were not all felled by this marching army. In answer to queries, our driver acknowledged that the forests here had been spared; but the advancing force had burned all the fences for miles around, finding them abundant for their needs.

The strong attachment of the ex-slaves of the planters of Virginia, to their masters, is seen even to the present day. Our driver, with his nearly white face, and hair just touched with gray, told in his inimitable dialect, how one memorable day, he had been taken prisoner by some straggling troops, and his mule, laden with grain from the mill, confiscated. He was told that he must march on with the troops; and, though he protested and struggled against it, was forced along. "But," said he, "I seed day didn't hab any shoulder-straps, and know'd day was nottin' but private soldiers. So I went 'long wid dem, radder dan be shot, till I seed an officer. Den I 'pealed to him, and he say: 'Let dat nigger go!'"

The affection of this negro for his old master, and the family to which he belonged, had caused him to feel that he had suffered personally at the hands of the Northern army, and forever blinded his eyes to all good accruing from the results of the war. Recalling the scenes of those terrible days, he related how mules, cattle, pigs, sheep and chickens, were driven along by the soldiers in their march, even pressing the terrified slaves into the service,

often compelling them, most unwillingly, to drive their master's cattle.

These old plantations occupy large tracts of land, consequently one can drive far before coming to any habitation. But the roads are good, and the scenery diversified and beautiful.

On reaching Col. Aylett's ancestral acres, we passed fields of corn and wheat, woods and grassy meadows, before reaching the mansion, which stands on high ground, surrounded by venerable shade trees, and commanding a magnificent view of the adjacent country many miles in extent.

As we approached the house, the cattle in the foreground peacefully grazing, and the sheep, washed clean by recent rains, roaming apparently at their own free will, made up a scene of rural beauty not often to be met with.

We were received with true Southern hospitality by the Colonel, his wife and family, and everything that thought could suggest was done to make our visit to this plantation home delightful.

> "But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
> With hearty welcome and an open face;
> In all they did, you might discern with ease
> A willing mind, and a desire to please."

The house is built in the old architectural style peculiarly Virginian; with the huge chimneys running up on the outside, the wide welcoming veranda, and the air of home pervading all.

Within, this old family mansion is what one might imagine from a study of the exterior. The large doors standing invitingly open, we enter the wide hall fairly blossoming with flowers. The rooms are large and luxuriously furnished. Old paintings and family portraits, look down from the walls, with evident approval upon the events of to-day.

Little indescribable touches here and there, fancy articles wrought by delicate fingers, objects of taste and beauty, souvenirs of other days, rare and wonderful, make up this home.

Standing near the family mansion is the old homestead, built by Col. Aylett's grandfather over a hundred years ago. Here the Colonel has his law office and library, the largest and finest outside of Richmond.

On the other side of the wide hall, is the apartment used as a school-room for the children, before they were old enough to pursue the higher branches of education in the city. In the rooms

above are pieces of ancient furniture, pictures, bureaus, cabinets and desks of curious workmanship, suggesting thoughts of undiscovered hiding-places, secret drawers and springs which might start back at a touch, and reveal treasures untold, or hidden mysteries.

The law office is hung with guns and sabres, spears, bows and arrows, tomahawks, bayonets, canteens, heir-looms and heraldic designs An ancient sword, that had seen service in Revolutionary days, we specially remember, as wondering while we gazed, if this might not be the identical "Sword of Bunker Hill," about which we sing.

We walked about the grounds, and through the flower garden, of which we had heard so much, but not before seen, picking roses, and choice floral beauties, and breathing the sweet fragrance of the flowers. We climbed up into the branches of a huge oak, left standing not far from the house, or rather mounted the somewhat precipitous steps leading to a platform built within its spreading arms. Nature seemed specially to have designed this old tree to hold securely the three seats fashioned there.

The daughters, accustomed from babyhood to

climb to this high perch, were agile as squirrels, and seemed as much at home in mid-air as upon *terra firma*, while we, with uncertain hold, scarcely dared look around upon the scene of beauty stretching away before us.

The kitchen, as in all Southern homesteads, is detached from the house, and together with barns, negro-cabins, and numerous other buildings, forms quite a little settlement.

Among other attractive features, of the many claiming notice, was the extensive hennery fitted up with all appurtenances for the comfort and enjoyment of the occupants. Extending our walk, in the dim twilight hour, in that direction, the trim, well-kept appearance of the structure arrested the attention of one of our party, and he, inquiringly, remarked: "Those are the cabins of your negroes, I presume?"

The evident amusement of the Colonel at this mistake, together with the covert compliment to his handsome hennery, was great. But he laughingly disclaimed any design of putting his servants into such contracted quarters. What would be spacious for a hen, might not be quite so commodious for a negro.

Indoors, the light fire crackling on the old

brass andirons, in the broad, open fireplace, cast a glow over the group assembled in the room, and by its cheerful light and warmth, dispersed the slight chill of the evening air, and conduced to the genial influence around, and to the enjoyment of the sweet tones of the piano, as they swell and vibrate under the touch of one whose soul speaks through the melody of sound.

Col. Aylett is the great-grandson of Patrick Henry, so he comes legitimately by his power of eloquence. As we looked upon the countenance of that great Orator, as depicted in the portrait over the piano, we felt that we, too, had a claim to his memory, in that he belongs to our whole country—the claim of every true American to revere and honor genius, wisdom and patriotism.

Old household names are strictly preserved in this family, and the youngest son now bears the name of Patrick Henry Aylett. The old watch, before mentioned, was one belonging to that great statesman, hence the value set upon it.

Among other relics of past days, is the original standard bushel measure, sent over to the colonies by King William, as a gauge for all like measures in this country. It is of copper, and has the stamp of the King upon the outside. The eyes

of relic hunters have more than once been turned enviously towards it; and twice it has been recovered from among stolen goods.

Many thrilling incidents of war times were related by the Colonel and his wife. They had been married but a year when the war broke out, and in the early days, Mrs. Aylett accompanied her husband into the field. But afterwards she remained on the plantation, to protect, by her presence, the old homestead. The wisdom of this course was afterwards seen in the preservation intact of all personal property, when those homes that had been deserted by the families were, in many cases, despoiled by the passing army.

At one time, Col. Aylett was surprised in his house by a body of cavalry, and narrowly escaped capture. He believed the enemy to be miles away, when, suddenly, the frightened negroes rushed into his presence, exclaiming that the yard was full of soldiers! And sure enough, a scouting party, learning that he was at home, had been dispatched to capture him.

Col. Aylett, of naturally dark complexion, was bronzed by exposure, so that he was scarcely a shade lighter than many of the slaves around.

Pulling off his military boots, which his wife hastily concealed up the wide chimney, donning a ragged garb, that would hardly hold together, and drawing an old slouched hat over his eyes, he sauntered out into the yard over towards the fence, and picking up a rake leaning against it, shouldered it, climbed lazily over, and, as if going to work, disappeared in the woods. Every room was explored, and all possible hiding places, for the Confederate officer; but the boots, which if found, would have betrayed him, were not discovered, and after a long and ineffectual search, the scouting party decamped.

The family plate, jewelry and other valuables, were sent for safe keeping to Richmond, during the war. But articles of lesser value, together with gold and silver coins, indispensable in the running expenses of a large household, found a "safe deposit" beneath the nest of a motherly hen. And though diligent search was made for hid treasures, whenever the army halted in that vicinity, and almost every foot of ground near the house, poked by bayonets and ram-rods, or upturned with spades, this spot was not disturbed.

A projecting shelf high up and within the huge chimney, formed an effectual place of conceal-

ment, from the hands of those ruthless invaders, for all articles of food, such as choice hams, mutton, sugar, flour, meal, etc. And though it seemed that nothing could escape the observation of those sharp-sighted soldiers, who believed all to be the fair spoil of war, yet this secret shelf with its hidden stores, was never discovered.

Mrs. Aylett related how, at one time, she had had a personal encounter with a straggling private. Her indignation was often roused by the ruthless manner in which all provisions and live-stock to be found about the house or premises, were thanklessly gobbled up. One day she espied a military hero making off with a basket of extra fine peanuts, which she had hidden away in an upper room, as a treat for the children. This sight was too much. Familiarity with danger had made her fearless, and she determined not to let them go without at least a protest. But the valiant soldier hung on to his treasure with pertinacity, and would not give it up. At last a compromise was effected; and the lady kept the basket, while the trooper made off with the peanuts. The combat thus resulting in what the Colonel pronounced to be a drawn battle.

A trusted and devoted slave accompanied Col. Aylett, as body-servant, through the whole campaign. With anxious, sorrowful countenance he would search the battle fields, after the many terrific conflicts, for his missing master, and when found, his joy was unbounded. He would carry news of the Colonel's welfare to his anxious family and keep them posted as to his movements, for the negroes could penetrate the Union lines, and were allowed to pass where no white man would dare venture.

In answer to the question, Would negroes steal from their masters? the reply was, yes, whenever they could get the chance; it was a racial trait. But those who know their superstitious nature, can easily protect themselves. A skull, or any human bone, put into a barn, enclosure, or apartment, is a sure guarantee against all pilfering.

A laughable cure, wrought in the case of a valuable slave in years gone by, is an instance of the hold superstition has upon these susceptible natures. Word was brought to Col. Aylett, after an absence from home of several weeks, that a trusted negro was suffering from some unknown disease, which baffled the skill of the doctor. The negro believed himself to be under some

mysterious spell, or as he himself said, he had been "tricked," and could feel lizards running all up and down inside of him. He was reduced almost to a skeleton; and the physician in attendance declared that he must die, unless his imagination could be worked upon by some counter spell.

Col. Aylett said he would cure him. He sent word to the poor fellow that he possessed a "tricking machine," and could cure him if he would follow implicitly his directions. In the meantime he would study the heavens, and when the signs were right, would send for the slave and free him from the spell that held him. In reality he was waiting till he could catch a few lizards.

Soon he sent for the afflicted negro; had him stripped, blind-folded, and wrapped in a blanket. Then bringing into the room a galvanic battery (the supposed "tricking machine"), he administered a severe shock to the trembling sufferer before him, at the same time dexterously slipping the clammy lizards beneath the blanket. The yell of terror that followed, showed that life was not yet quite extinct. Springing to his feet, and tearing the turban from his bandaged eyes, and seeing the lizards lying at his feet dead, he gave

a cry of joy and gratitude, and the cure was wrought.

An interesting account was given of the Indians in the neighborhood, remnants of two tribes, the Pamunkey and Mattapony, having a camping ground near Whitehouse Landing. The Pamunkey was at one time a powerful and warlike tribe. Their Chief, Opechancanough, was second only to Powhatan, in the days of hostilities between the early settlers and the aborigines. This conversation led to the meaning of some of the now familiar Indian names of places and stations, such as Cherry Coke, meaning sparkling water; Cohoke, muddy water; Roman Coke, crooked water, etc.

At a late hour, hearing music from the negro quarters, we were invited out to listen to the melodies wafted to us on the night air. Accompanied by some rude instrument, the music and jollity was kept up till the small hours of the morning.

When we parted for the night, it was to be ushered into a large and tasteful apartment, where a crackling fire of pine logs resting on the carved brass andirons, in the huge open fireplace, sent a glow over this room also, speaking as no tongue

could do, of the thoughtful kindness of these friends.

More might be written of our sojourn beneath this hospitable roof, would time and space permit, but we must hasten on. Having enjoyed this charming glimpse of plantation life as it is, with glad memories of our delightful visit, never to be effaced, we looked farewell upon this Southern home. After a long and pleasant drive through field and forest to the depot, we were soon borne by train back to Richmond.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANOTHER DAY IN THE CAPITAL.

"The land was beautiful:
Fair rose the spires, and gay the buildings were."

But yesterday we heard the deafening roar
Of cannon, thundering on our peaceful shore.
We've seen the lurid storm-cloud settling down,
The "floating pillar" o'er the burning town,
The jet of smoke, the flash, the bursting shell,
And fields, blood-stained, where many brothers fell.
Some dear ones faltered by the weary way,
Or in drear prisons languished many a day;
Where'er their graves by kindly hands were made,
In sunny vales or in the cypress shade,
Or where, unknown, they're folded to earth's breast,
'Tis consecrated ground in which they rest.

—*Clare Hoyt Burleigh.*

MUCH of interest yet remained to be seen on this our last day in the Southern metropolis. Making Capitol Square our point of center, we passed once more beneath the dome of the rotunda, up the square stairway, to the Court of Appeals, the scene of that fearful accident of April, 1870, by which over fifty people lost their lives, and many more were seriously in-

jured. The floor of this room, which is situated directly over the Hall of the House of Delegates, suddenly gave way, and a large audience, assembled there, were precipitated into the room beneath.

The State Library here contains 40,000 volumes, and many interesting documents. A survey and letter written by Washington at 17 years of age, is framed and hangs in a prominent position on the walls; while beneath it is an autograph letter, written twelve days before his death. Not far off is a portrait of Pocahontas, with tall hat and raven locks, bearing date: "A.D. 1616," from original in England.

In the gallery hang portraits of all the Governors of Virginia, together with those of her Generals and other prominent men. Among the historical paintings, we recall a group of three, representing Black Hawk, his wife, and a brave of the same tribe.

Here is a curious old chair, in which the Speaker of the House of Burgesses once sat. On a tablet over it, are these words: "Presented by Queen Anne to the Colonies—Speaker's Chair —House of Burgesses—Williamsburg, 1700."

From the dome can be clearly discerned that

section of the city swept by the conflagration, kindled by the retreating army, on the evacuation of Richmond, when over 1,000 buildings were destroyed, involving an estimated loss of $8,000,000. These were mainly in the business quarter, and have very generally been rebuilt by solid, handsome structures.

A short drive, of about two miles, takes us to the National Military Cemetery, where 6,529 Union Soldiers lie buried. Of these, 838 graves only are known, and marked by a simple headstone. The remainder of this sleeping army have but a square block of marble, bearing the number of the grave.

> "On Fame's eternal camping ground
> Their silent tents are spread;
> While Glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead."

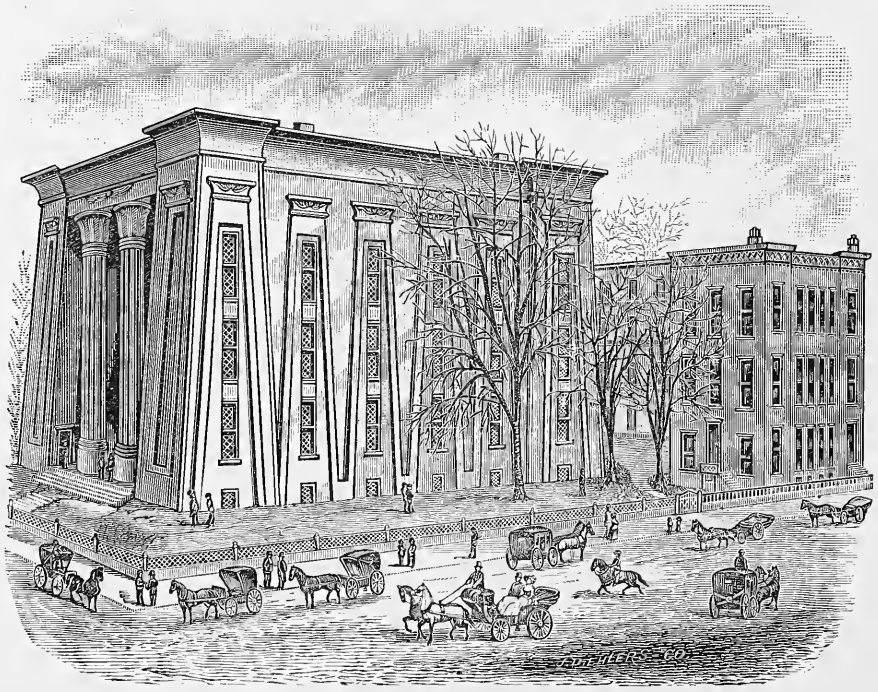
Returning to the city, the Central School House was pointed out as being once the "White House of the Confederacy," or the residence of Jeff. Davis during the war.

Not far from here is the Medical College, a beautiful and imposing structure, in the Egyptian style of architecture, one of the finest in the State. This college was founded in 1838, with a Faculty composed of the most eminent

and skillful practitioners and surgeons in the commonwealth.

The need of a Medical School at the South, adequate to her wants, and comparing favorably in all appliances for instruction, with the older medical institutions in the land, had long been felt, and the subject agitated among the medical fraternity. Richmond was selected as the most eligible location, it being in the center of the State, and easily accessible to the whole Southern country; having a salubrious climate, high social position, and general educational advantages above other cities.

But at the start, this enterprise met with a serious obstacle, in the intense prejudice, existing in Virginia, against conferring chartered rights and privileges. Corporations of any kind were rarely allowed; and even the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, and the Union Theological Seminary at Hampden-Sidney, were unable to obtain charters. Under these circumstances, the privilege was sought by the Medical College and secured from the Trustees of Hampden-Sidney University, to act under its charter, on condition that $500 be paid annually for the privilege.



MEDICAL COLLEGE, RICHMOND,

The first Commencement was held on the 4th of April, 1839, with a class of forty-six students. From this date the College made steady progress up to the time of the War, having an average class of fifty or sixty. The efforts of the Faculty being directed, then as now, more earnestly towards advancing thoroughness of instruction, than to securing a large attendance.

The Union Hotel, suitably fitted up, was first used for College purposes. But the advantage of having a building especially constructed for medical instruction, and located more suitably, was evident. To facilitate that end, the City of Richmond made an appropriation of $6,000 to purchase the lot selected for the present College building; this is, geographically, nearly in the center of the city. On this lot the Faculty erected, in 1846, the edifice now standing.

A misunderstanding occurred in 1854, between the Trustees of Hampden-Sidney College and the Faculty of the Medical College; and the latter made application to the Legislature for an independent charter, which was readily granted, and the present system of organization established.

Upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, and the foreshadowing of the disruption of the Union, the medical students from the Southern States, who were then in Northern universities, fired with a common sympathy, seceded from those institutions, and nearly all of them came in a body to join the classes of the Medical College of Richmond.

This event awakened an intense interest among the people of the City and State. The City Council made an appropriation of $5,000 to receive and entertain these returning students. At this Reception it is estimated that 2,500 persons were seated at the tables, including the Governor, Judges of the Court, Members of the Legislature, and some of the most distinguished citizens of the State.

On the next day, the Legislature made an appropriation of $30,000, to erect upon the College grounds a building suitable for hospital purposes. During the War, this College was the only one in the Southern States, which continued its course of instruction, maintaining an uninterrupted session. Its graduates furnished nearly all the recruits to the medical staff of the Confederate Army.

But the close of the War witnessed a sad change in the general condition of the country. The whole Southern people were impoverished. Hardly one in a thousand of those formerly in affluence, could now afford to give their children a collegiate education. The struggle was now for existence. As a result, very many of the institutions of learning were discontinued, and in all there was a rapid decline in the classes. But for the past four years, there has been a steady increase in the attendance at the Medical College, and in all respects it is now doing well, the classes averaging, for the past two years, eighty-two. With the increase in the number of students, the length of sessions has been extended, the resources for lecture-room illustration augmented, and all the advantages for medical instruction proportionately increased.

From here we wended our way to the studio of Virginia's great sculptor, Edward Virginius Valentine, best known to the American public by his recent colossal statue of Gen. Lee. In early boyhood, young Valentine gave unmistakable evidence of the genius which has distinguished his maturer years.

Born in the city of Richmond under the old

régime, when wealth, refinement, culture and abundant leisure were the inheritance of the favored few, he received every encouragement in the pursuit of his chosen art, and the advantage of cultivated friendships and artistic counsels and criticisms. He commenced his art studies under Oswald Heinrich, and later, became a pupil of Hubard.

In 1859, panting for a sight of the art treasures of the Old World, he went abroad for study. He first became a pupil of Couture, in Paris. After remaining nearly a year under the instruction of that celebrated artist, young Valentine set out for Italy, lingering long amid the galleries there, studying the antiques of the Vatican, and the multitudinous works of the old and modern masters.

In Florence he took a course of instruction with Bonauti. In 1861 he went to Berlin to seek admission into the studio of Kiss, having been greatly impressed by a sight of that artist's great work in bronze, *The Amazon Attacked by a Tiger*. At first he was refused, the old sculptor declaring that he took no pupils. But the young artist's persistence, gentleness, and evident talent, so won upon the childless

old man, that he not only took him into his studio; but when, soon after, the Rebellion broke out in America, and he was cut off from friends and all pecuniary supplies, Kiss took him into his own home, and lavished upon him all the care and affection of a father. Young Valentine remained with him till his death, ministering to him in sickness, and cheering his last hours. He alone could comfort the bereaved widow, and she entreated him to remain, and be a son to her.

But the old longing to return to America became irresistible; and now that the close of the war had rendered it possible, finding persuasions to remain of no avail, Madame Kiss presented the beloved pupil with many valuable works of art, together with all the modeling tools of his late master. And to-day Mr. Valentine has in his studio many relics of Kiss, among them the *replica* of the head of the Amazon.

Though the universal depression was terrible in the South, and the outlook seemed almost hopeless when Mr. Valentine first set foot in Virginia, after these many years of absence, his strong love for his native soil led him to resist all offers, however tempting and advantageous,

which came to him from other parts of our land, and he opened his studio in Richmond, where he has ever since remained. But his fame has become national.

More than by any other work, this great sculptor is best known by his *Recumbent Figure of Gen. R. E. Lee*, which now graces the Lee Mausoleum at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

The statue has been thus described by Mr. S. Teakle Wallis, in an address delivered in Baltimore: "The hero is lying in his uniform, as if in sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. One hand is lying by his side, where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect, no less as to form than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose—the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant; of manly grace, most graceful when at rest; of noble faculties, alive and sovereign though still."

Among his ideal heads, *The Samaritan Woman* and *The Penitent Thief* are the best known. *The Nation's Ward* is a matchless portrayal of the happy, heedless negro boy; while his *Knowledge is Power* represents a little darkie

asleep, with a well-thumbed book dropping from his listless hand.

Mr. Valentine showed us some sketches of his, designed to illustrate a publication on Art, about to be issued; and, also, a charming drawing of his ivy-grown studio. Here is the bust, in clay, of *Uncle Henry*, an aged negro, whose wrinkled face beams kindliness on all. He was an old family servant and coachman, belonging to Mr. Valentine's grandmother, and in 1824 drove the coach on the occasion of a grand ball she attended, given in honor of Gen. Lafayette. This old slave is still living, aged 98 years, and his attachment to the family of his old master amounts to veneration.

But the masterpiece, that at once fixes the attention of the visitor, is an ideal group—heroic size—representing *Andromache and Astyanax*. The sculptor has seized the moment just after Hector has left his wife and infant child, to meet glory and death on the battlefield. Andromache is seated in a chair, with bowed head and downcast eyes; the distaff has fallen from her hand, and her face tells the story of her grief and apprehension. In touching contrast to this figure, is the innocent, laughing face of the

chubby boy, climbing into his mother's lap. This is a noble conception, grandly executed.

An art critic thus writes of it: "There is a Greek simplicity and dignity about the work, that eminently befits the subject. But there is that in the expression of the face of Andromache which, while it defies analysis, claims and holds the attention at once. There is a pensive, far-away look in the eyes, indicative of the love of Andromache for her husband, and of the anxiety and sorrow which, prophetically, is overshadowing her soul. The feeling thus expressed, is beyond any mere technical excellence. It is soul and heart that speak through these eyes and in this face. One is not surprised to learn that the sculptor did this part of his work, while almost daily watching the gentle fading away from life of a dearly beloved wife, who was his inspiration in this as in other work. Something of his own sorrow and resignation, something of the graceful, womanly, affectionate character of the departed one, has gone into this face and figure. The work thus becomes more than a mere artistic production, however excellent it may be in this respect, and thus, we believe, it will appeal to the world."

In person, Mr. Valentine is tall and slender, with handsome, rather prominent features, and a smile that lights up his whole countenance. His forehead is broad and well modeled, bearing lines of thought and earnest study. His manners are gentle, his voice low, his greeting cordial and kind.

But while we linger in this studio, so rich in art-creations, the gathering shades of evening remind us that our last day in Richmond has drawn to a close, and we must say adieu alike to artist and city.

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been—
A sound which makes us linger;—yet, farewell!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

"Railways—the mighty veins and arteries,
And telegraphic wires, the nerves of nations,
And fiery engines rushing o'er the land
Swifter than flight, or ploughing through the seas
'Gainst wind, and tide, and elemental strife;
Promethean spirits conquering time and space,
And quickening all the pulses of their race."

AT daybreak next morning, we were speeding on our way by rail towards Hampton. The fortunes of war have but turned another leaf in the history of a land already rich in traditions of the past; and the soil of Virginia, baptized with the blood of patriots, will ever be sacred to our united country. All around is historic. The pine forests, the growth of twenty years, mark where the torch was used, and

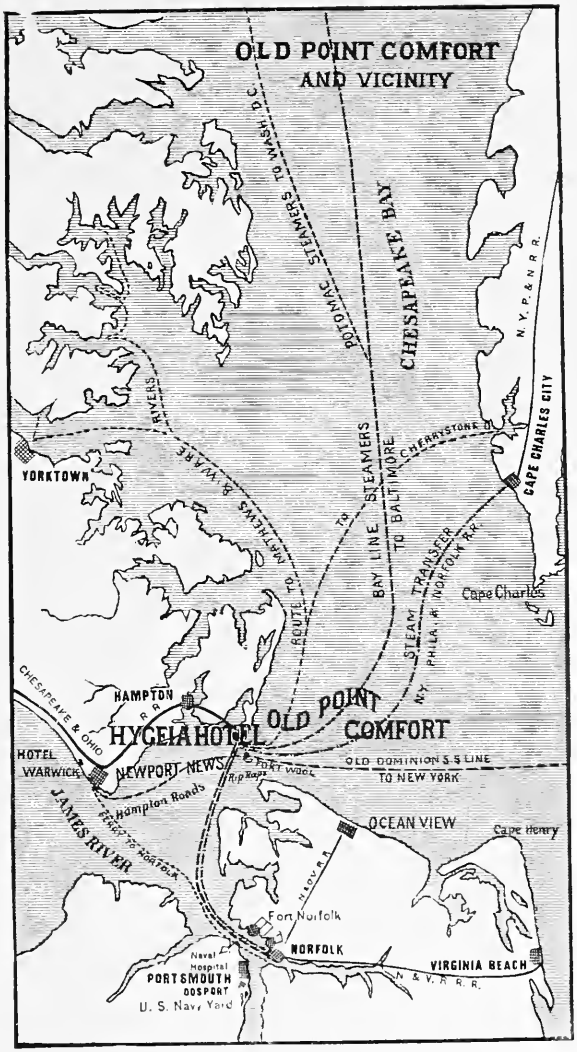
"Where the conflict the wildest was roaring."

The soft musical ring of the Indian names of many of the stations, catches the ear: Elko,

Lanexa (meaning running-water), Toanno, Keltorn, etc. The first station out from Richmond is Fort Lee, where lies the field of Fair Oaks. Just before reaching Ewells Farm, we cross the Chickahominy river, which here swells out wide like a lake. Upon an island at this point, formerly bearing the Indian name of Werowocomoco, Capt. John Smith was rescued from death by Pocahontas.

Williamsburg, one of the oldest towns in the United States, is the most interesting on the road. Here the early pioneers repaired, upon the abandonment of the earlier settlement of Jamestown, in 1632. In the year 1698, after the burning of the State House in Jamestown, the seat of government was removed here, as being, according to an old writing, "healthier, more convenient, and freer from moschetoes." Here is the William and Mary College, chartered in 1692. The Chancery Office can still be seen, remodeled indeed, but containing the English bricks and timber of which it was first constructed. The identical Powder Magazine of revolutionary days, is yet standing, now used as a stable, and called by the boys of the neighborhood, "Old Powder Horn." The old ivy-

mantled church, built in 1680, with its mural tablets, and churchyard filled with antique and crumbling tombstones, bearing quaint inscriptions, tempt the stranger long to loiter here. The train passes within six miles of Yorktown, and during the Centennial, a track, since torn up, was laid to that place of discomfiture to Lord Cornwallis. Log-cabins and little shanties, above which curl white feathers of smoke, dot the landscape. Crops of potatoes, corn, wheat and tobacco, look flourishing. The Virginia-creeper, wild honeysuckle, trumpet-vine, and many lovely wild flowers greet the eye. One, a brilliant golden blossom, was said to have been first brought over from Scotland by a nobleman. It now grows rank, and farmers would be glad to get rid of it. But the train speeds on, and soon we are borne to our point of destination on this road—Hampton.


OLD POINT COMFORT
AND VICINITY
CHESAPEAKE BAY
POTOMAC
STEAMERS TO WASH. D.C.
N.Y.P.&N.R.R.
RIVERS
YORKTOWN
MATHEWS & MARE
CHERRYSTONE
CAPE CHARLES CITY
ROUTE TO
STEAMERS
TO BALTIMORE
BAY LINE
STEAM TRANSFER
PHILA. & NORFOLK R.R.
Cape Charles
NY
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO
HAMPTON
R R
HYGEIA HOTEL
OLD POINT
COMFORT
HOTEL
WARWICK
NEWPORT NEWS
OLD DOMINION S.S LINE
TO NEW YORK
Fort Wool
Rip Raps
Hampton Roads
JAMES RIVER
ROUTE TO NORFOLK
OCEAN VIEW
Cape Henry
N.&O.R.R.
Fort Norfolk
NORFOLK
VIRGINIA BEACH
N.&V.R.R.R.
Naval Hospital
PORTSMOUTH
OODSPORT
U. S. Navy Yard

CHAPTER XV.

HAMPTON.

"What is noble? To inherit
Wealth, estate and proud degree?
There must be some other merit
Higher yet than these for me.
What is noble? 'Tis the finer
Portion of our mind and heart,
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart;
Ever prompting, ever seeking
Some improvement yet to plan,
To uplift our fellow being,
And like man, to feel for man!
What is noble? That which places
Truth in its enfranchised will;
Leaving steps, like angel-traces,
That mankind may follow still.
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the Noble—who advances
Freedom and the cause of man!"

THIS is classic ground. Through the far-famed "Hampton Roads," the first settlers of the Colonies passed to these new and unknown shores; and here the first company of slaves were landed on our coasts. At Hampton

the earliest Freedmen's School at the South was opened. Thus, it is decreed that on the very soil where the degradation of the negro was instituted, the work of regeneration began. The American Missionary Association, long in active sympathy with the anti-slavery cause, sent out missionaries, and established societies for the relief of the colored people in the South, during the war, ministering to the physical necessities of the distressed first, and afterwards seeking to teach and elevate them. After the war closed, this association pushed forward the noble work begun among the freedmen, with vigor, till in 1867, it purchased the buildings occupied by the school at Hampton, together with 191 acres of land near the mouth of the creek. Securing subsequently the hospital barracks, these buildings were changed and fitted up for school and farm purposes.

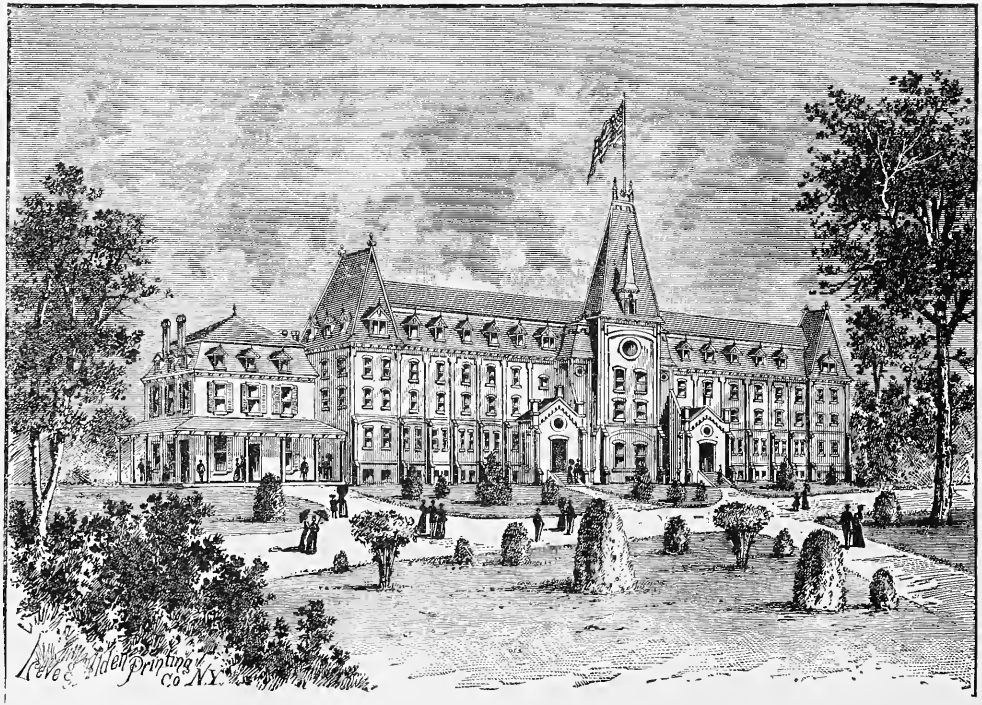
At the instance of Gen. S. C. Armstrong, then connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, a Normal School was opened at Hampton in 1868. Gen. Armstrong, who had been colonel of a regiment of United States colored troops during the war, and afterwards brevetted brigadier-general, was placed at its head as principal.

Old Hospital Barracks.

In 1870, a fine academic building was erected, and in June of this year, the school was regularly incorporated under a board of trustees, as Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, and the property turned over to the trustees.

In 1872, by an act of the Virginia Legislature, one-third of the State Agricultural College Fund, amounting to $95,000, was assigned to the institute. A year from this time, the roll of membership increased to such an extent, and the buildings were so crowded, that it became necessary to use the recitation rooms as dormitories for the boys, and a score or more were compelled to camp out in tents during the winter.

A new building was a necessity, and so the corner-stone of Virginia Hall was laid. A large and handsome brick structure was commenced, having room for one hundred and twenty pupils, together with chapel and dining-halls, the whole to cost $75,000. Though still incomplete, the edifice was dedicated the following year at Commencement. But $50,000 were yet required to finish the work, and the trustees refused to proceed with the building till this amount was raised. The Hampton Singers, by the proceeds of three hundred and fifty concerts, contributed



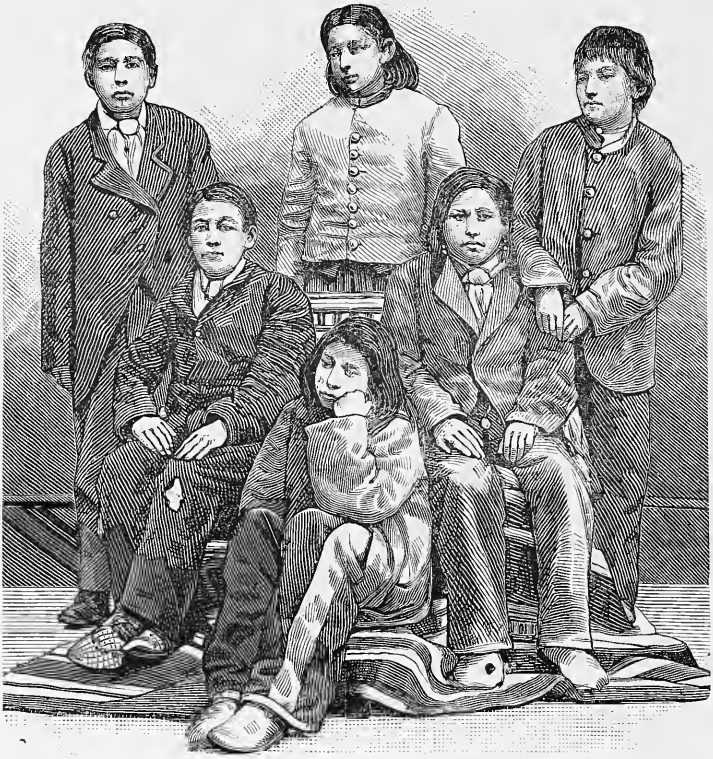
Virginia Hall, Normal School.

$10,000 of this sum, and stimulated the giving of nearly $50,000 additional, by indirect results. With other amounts collected, the building was finished free from debt, in 1875. It has a frontage of 190 feet, and is 40 feet in depth, having a wing 100 feet long in the rear. The chapel will seat 400 people, and the large commodious dining-hall, 475.

There are at present in the school 608 students. A little less than one-half of this number are girls. There are 137 Indian students, averaging seventeen years of age. The institute was first organized for the purpose of benefiting and elevating the African race. But in 1878, Gen Armstrong introduced a new feature into the school, by the formation of a class of Indians. This experiment of educating the negroes and Indians together has proved a complete success, and the number of Indian students has increased, in seven years, from fifteen to one hundred and thirty-seven. These are representatives from thirteen different tribes, chiefly Sioux, who have come here from all parts of the country.

The names of some are very curious, as for instance: Charles Spotted Eyes, Eugene Iron Necklace, Frank Black Hawk, Henry Little

Eagle, Thomas Wild Cat, Julia Pretty Hair, Louisa Long Girl, Marguerite Hotoninyankewin, and Cora Bell Little Black Foot. One young giant, who bore the pleasing cognomen of Paul



INDIAN STUDENTS, HAMPTON.

Prairie Chicken, was pronounced by the boys too big for a chicken, and thereupon dubbed "Gobbler."

Many of the Indian students become much ashamed of their significant names as translated into English, and seek to rob them of the ridiculous by a change which, in many cases, is

INDIAN STUDENTS, HAMPTON.

very ingeniously accomplished. As for instance, "Fire Cloud" now writes his name Daniel Cloud, while "Wild Cat" becomes simply

Thomas Wild. That this interpretation is so invariably resorted to by the teachers, is to be regretted; but the Indian names are often quite unpronounceable, and if attempted in the school, precious time might be consumed, the class demoralized or turned into a musical assembly.

The difference in the races is distinctly marked, both in physiognomy and bearing. The slender, erect, lithe figure of the Indian, the strong features, and often fierce expression of these "mild savages" (as their teachers often term them), their raven tresses without a kink, strike the eye of the visitor. No pride is taken in wavy locks; no frizzing is indulged in by these Indian maidens. Severe simplicity in the arrangement of the hair is the inflexible rule, broken only by the universal "bang." But jewelry, beads, and gay colors delight their eyes, as the gorgeous ribbon, bright bouquet, scarfs and shawls, testify.

All sizes and ages are here present, from the little papoose to the six-foot man. A family of Sioux called Fire Cloud, composed of the father, mother, baby-in-arms, and two boys aged respectively six and nine years, who had but recently arrived, made up an attractive group for the camera.

One Malay, from the Island of Ceylon, was distinctive by his coal-black glossy hair carefully brushed, straight features, waxed and pointed moustache, button-hole bouquet, and general spruce appearance, attesting the Moorish gallant.

In looking into the fierce, wild countenances of many of these girls and boys, we did not need to question if they were indeed real wild Indians. Civilized they may be, but it would seem that generations must elapse before all trace of the savage nature is obliterated.

But the teachers and officers are more than satisfied with the results of education on these Indian students. The change in their nature, after three years at school, is complete and radical. Two-thirds of all who return to their homes, are steadfast in good conduct and adhere to civilized ways.

Among these various tribes we looked for some representative of the Modocs,—those fierce, warlike Indians, made so notorious a few years ago, by the killing of Gen. Ganby and soldiers, in the War of the Lava Beds of Oregon. One of our party, Mr. A. C. Squier, with Capt. Whittington, shortly after that fight, were

appointed by Rev. E. P. Smith, the Indian commissioner, to move the tribe from their distant home, where they were living a wild and savage life, to the reservation in the Indian Territory, near Kansas, set apart for them by the Government.

The sight of so many of these children-of-the-forest at Hampton College, brought vividly to mind the excitement and terror, at that time, of the inhabitants of many of the towns, cities, and villages passed through; in some places troops having to be called out to allow of the passage of the Indians. On the way the Modocs were quiet and undemonstrative, no murmuring or discontent being manifested during the long journey. The chiefs assisted in keeping strict order.

The tribe was located near the Quapaw, Seneca, Oneida, and Miama Indians, in a beautiful section, thickly wooded, well watered, with rich soil, and mild climate. Mr. Squier remained with them in the reservation until they had become fully settled.

Some time after this, several of the tribe, Scar-faced Charlie, Steamboat Frank, Bogus Charley, Shek Kaska Jim, and two chiefs from Oregon, came on to New York with Col. Meacham and

Capt. Applegate. They visited Park Congregational Church and Sunday School, in Brooklyn, and Scar-faced Charley addressed the school in Modoc, interpreted by Capt. Applegate. He spoke of the advantages the children of civilization had in the profusion of cards, papers, books, music, songs, etc., possessed by them, while the only instruction the Indian could obtain was drawn from the birds, trees, and running brooks.

The greatest interest is felt by all the officials and teachers at Hampton, in the progress towards civilization made by the Indians in every part of our land. And here we learned that the Modocs are at present the most industrious and prosperous of all the many fragments of tribes in the Indian Territory. This most remarkable change is said to be due to good management and surrounding influences. Located upon the Missouri border, near quiet Indians, having excellent schools, they have entirely abandoned their old life, and have become industrious and peaceable. Shek Kaska Jim has become a Quaker preacher, and is doing successful missionary work among the other tribes.

The Indians are found to be naturally religi-

ous, and readily accept the Christian faith as soon as they understand its teachings. But for a long time the English Bible remains to them a sealed book. In almost every case the Indian, when he came East, knew nothing of the English language, nor much of civilized life; but he was earnest and persevering, and his progress has been rapid. One of the teachers affirms, that she has had these young men in her class "since they first came in blankets and long hair," and that their development is as wonderful as it is interesting.

Among the Seminole Indians is a singular tradition regarding the origin of the races, and the white man's superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were fair complexioned. He then led them to the margin of a lake, and bade them leap in and wash. One obeyed and came out of the water purer and fairer than before. The second hesitated an instant, and during that time the water, agitated by the first, had become muddied, and when he bathed he came up copper-colored. The third did not leap in until the water had become black with mud, and he came out deeply dyed. The Great Spirit

laid before them three packages, and out of pity for his misfortune in color, gave the black man the first choice. He felt the weight of each, and chose the heaviest; the copper-colored man then chose the next heaviest, leaving to the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes and all the implements of labor; the second held all the equipments requisite for hunting, fishing and warfare; while the third gave to the white man pens, ink and paper,—weapons of the mind, indicative of the white man's superiority.

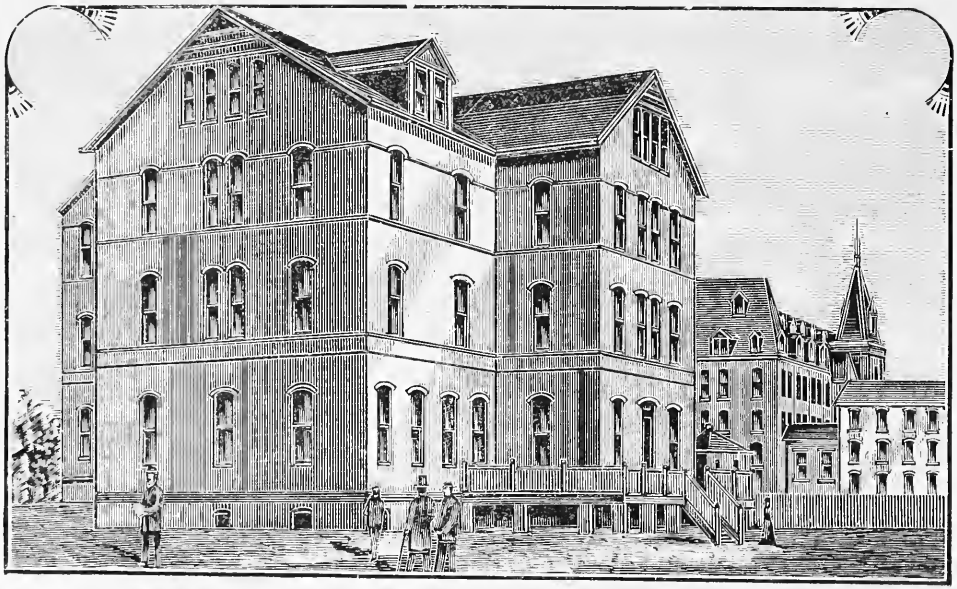
Among the Indian students here, are nine married couples. And the lordly savage is fast learning to subdue his inherent laziness, and not cast all the household drudgery upon the devoted wife, as is the custom in his native forests. But it is reported that "the course of true love" does not always run smooth with these Hiawathas and Minnehahas. Caudle lectures are not unknown; only, in the Indian family, *Mr.* Caudle is always the lecturer. But on the whole, Hampton's experiment with married people is full of encouragement and cheer. A new feature in this department, is the erection of small cottages of three rooms, for the accommo-

dation of married people, which can be built for the small sum of $250. These are put up by the Indians themselves, are simple in construction and complete in all parts. It is believed that the red man, once having enjoyed and known the pleasures of a home of his own, will desire and be able to put one up easily and at little cost, when he again returns to life on the plains.

Labor is required of all, for the sake of discipline and instruction. One of the fundamental principles of the school is, "that nothing shall be given which can be earned by the pupil," thus the dignity of labor is inculcated, and a spirit of independence fostered. Scholars are expected to work at least an hour a day, without compensation, at such duties as may be assigned them.

In 1881 two more buildings were constructed: one for Indian girls, called Winona (Elder-sister) Lodge, and the other for Negro girls. The same year the new Academic Hall was built, to take the place of the one burned the year before. The edifice for Negro girls was donated by Mrs. Stone for an Industrial School, and is called the Stone Memorial Building.

The College grounds are very beautiful. The



Winona Lodge, Normal School.

well-kept walks, hedges, flower-beds, and smooth lawns, are tended with care by the students, whose education stops not with the simple acquisition of the knowledge that is to be gained only between the leaves of a book.

The Industrial Department has always been a marked feature of Hampton Institute. The boys were taught farm work and gardening from the start; and the girls learned plain sewing, and the different branches of household work.

That the trades have not been neglected in these years of advancement and progress, is proved by sight of the saw-mill, industrial-room, work-shop, harness-shop, carpenter-shop, tin-shop, shoe-shop, wheelwright and blacksmith shops, and the Normal School Press Office with its printing and bookbinding departments, and boy and girl compositors, where is issued a monthly paper by the scholars.

The students are formed into companies, subjected to military drill, and are promoted for meritorious conduct. It is an interesting and curious sight to see the students march and countermarch to the music of the College Band, keeping perfect step, and afterwards file into the large dining-hall to dinner. All ages, sizes,

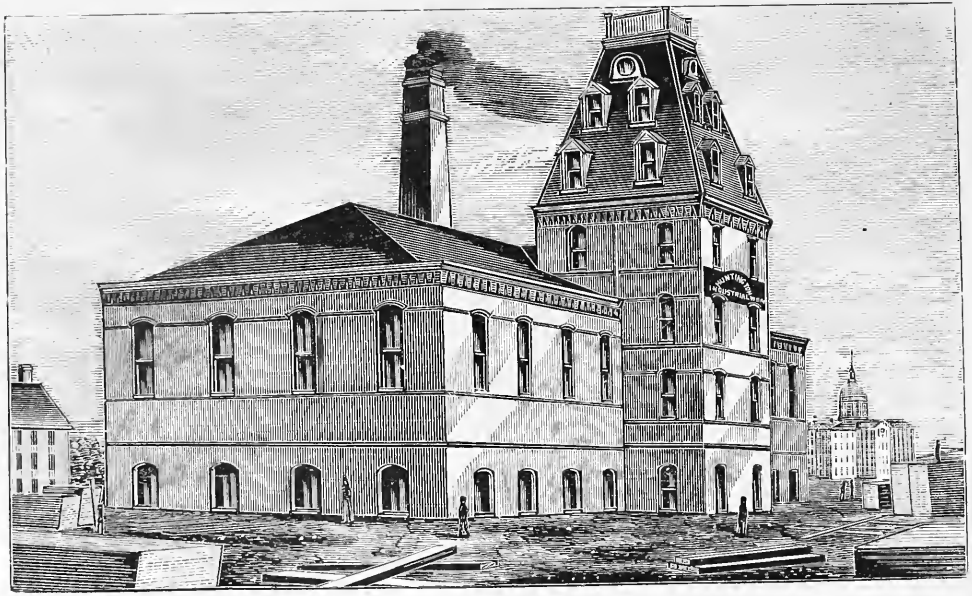
INDIANS IN THE WORKSHOP.

shades of color, and styles of physiognomy are seen, as quietly and orderly these dusky children are marshalled in, and stand, with bowed heads, behind their chairs, while "Grace" is sung by the whole school. At the sound of a bell all are seated, and the tables are served with systematic precision by waiters in snowy aprons.

The College buildings are large, commodious, and imposing, and furnished with every appliance requisite for the intelligent carrying on of the work. The handsome brick Chapel, now in course of construction, is from the Marquand Estate, and was presented to the Institution by the son-in-law of Frederick Marquand, Mr. Elbert B. Monroe, President of the Board of Trustees. It is designed to seat one thousand persons, and will cost $50,000. It is to have a tower one hundred and twenty-five feet high, with an illuminated clock, which can be seen for some thirty miles around.

Indian and Negro Students are employed on the building, and are paid regular wages by the contractor.

A branch of instruction, which is found to work well, is the Pastors' Class, held four days



Huntington Industrial Works, Normal School.

in the week. This Class, which now numbers twenty young men, is composed of those students who are seeking to prepare themselves for the ministry, together with several licensed colored preachers from the neighborhood, who meet with them. Clergymen of different denominations, from the churches and parishes in the vicinity, cordially respond to the invitation extended to them to visit this Class, and instruct these anxious seekers after truth.

The result has been, that a higher and deeper spiritual fervor has been awakened in the hearts of the students, and less of that wild, ungovernable shouting and dancing, accompanied by physical contortions and paroxysms of extravagant excitement that have hitherto been the peculiar characteristics of Negro religious gatherings, are now witnessed in the meetings where these preachers have an influence.

In connection with the Institute, and in addition to the home garden, is an extended farm of six hundred acres, under a high state of cultivation, about six miles away from the School grounds, worked wholly by the students. From here most of the stores for the table of the Institute are drawn. This is called "Hemen-

way Farm," in honor of the lady who donated it.

The financial interests of the Institute are looked after by the Acting Treasurer, Mr. F. N. Gilman; while the general business of the corporation is attended to, with the strictest fidelity to the smallest details, by Mr. F. C. Briggs, the Business Manager; and the various industries of the school are presided over by competent and experienced workmen.

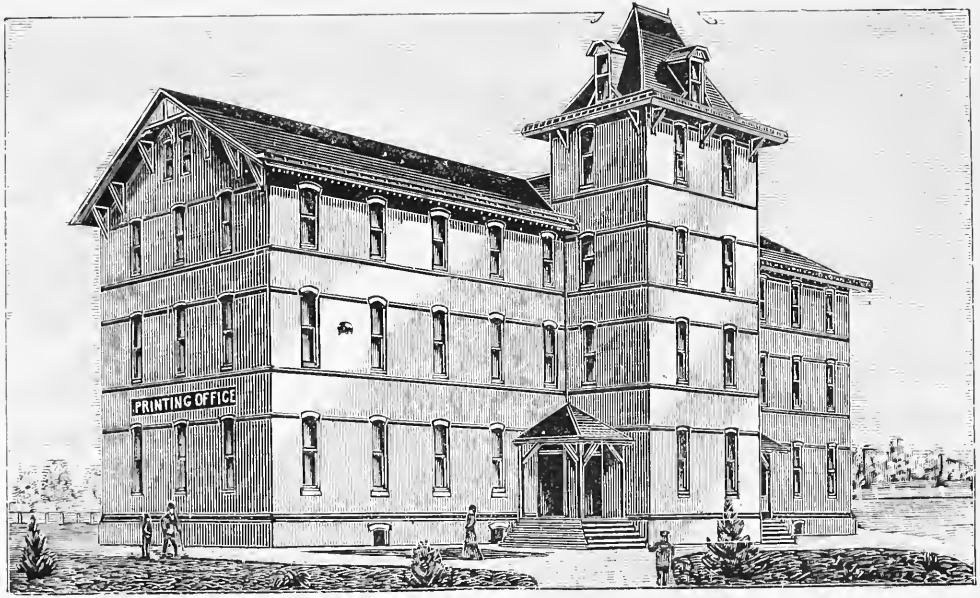
But the head of this vast enterprise, and the prime mover in the work undertaken and carried on here, which has for its aim the elevation of the two races, is the Principal, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, through whose untiring energy and wise counsels the School has grown to its present magnitude.

Gen. Armstrong is especially fitted for his position, both by education and natural qualifications. His father, the Rev. Richard Armstrong, D.D., graduated from Dickinson College in 1827; studied Theology at Princeton, and in 1832 went to the Sandwich Islands as missionary. He there worked out that system of dealing with savage tribes, the success of which, in converting the Sandwich Islanders from cannibal-

ism to Christianity, is so well known. Gen. Armstrong was born under the Hawaiian government, and thus he early learned the best methods of dealing with a colored race. In speaking with just pride of his revered father, he declared that to him alone, he owed whatever of success he had achieved in his work. Gen. Armstrong is a man of deep sympathies, quick to see and prompt to act. Witnessing the misery and degradation of the Negro at the close of the War, he was early convinced of their need of teachers, of their own race, and in 1867 wrote and published an able article on the necessity of normal schools for the colored people.

Our tourists felt a special interest in Hampton College, from the fact that two of our most esteemed and earnest workers, the late lamented Rev. Geo. D. Pike, and Rev. E. P. Smith, were for many years members of the Board of Trustees in the early days of Park Congregational Church, and were also Secretaries of the American Missionary Association, and personally assisted in starting the Freedman's School, at Hampton.

The departure of the Rev. E. P. Smith from our Church to reside in Washington, as Indian



Stone Memorial Building, Normal School.

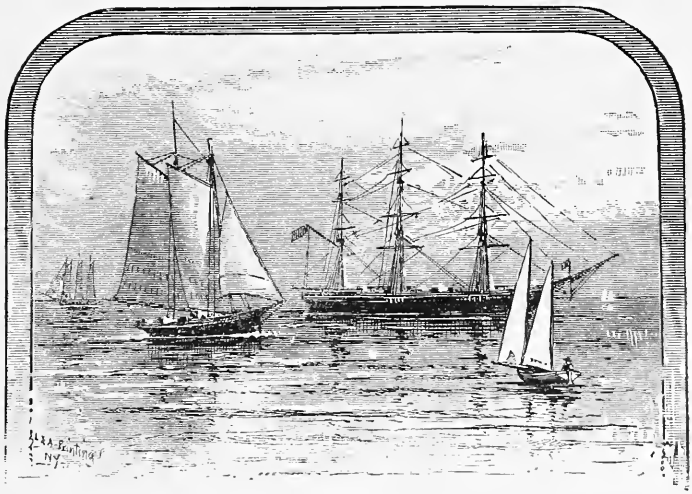
Commissioner, under Gen. Grant, was universally deplored. After his term of office had expired, Mr. Smith went to Africa to inspect Missions, and died of a fever contracted there.

Rev. George D. Pike, whose recent death caused a feeling of sadness throughout the community, was a noble, Christian gentleman, enthusiastic in his work. Mr. Pike went with the Jubilee Singers on their European tour, as Manager, and brought back, for the benefit of Fisk University, over $50,000, besides many valuable presents of books, carpets and furniture.

It was on a bright, beautiful morning that we were invited by Rev. H. B. Frissell, Chaplain and Acting Vice-Principal of Hampton Institute, to take a sail in his fine yacht. Entering the trim little sailing-vessel, the finest of several, tethered to the pier, we were soon gliding over the waters of the creek, toward the wider expanse of Hampton Roads.

Wafted swiftly on by the bracing ocean breeze, we entered the broader expanse of water, and passed near the spot where the *Cumberland* sank, now marked by a red buoy, and approached within sight of the unfinished Fort Wool, or, as it is better known, the Fortress of the Rip Raps,

which was designed, in conjunction with Fort Monroe, to guard the entrance to Hampton Roads. It was built upon an artificial island, made by casting rocks into the water, which was here twenty feet deep. It derives its name from the unceasing ripple of the shoal water upon the rocks and bar.



White-winged vessels specked the waters of the bay, and before us a flagship with pennant flying, rode proudly at anchor. Returning, our attention was attracted by a projecting strip of land, called Blue Beard's Point, once the home of an old hermit, who lived alone, and levied tribute on all shipping that passed that way; onward

our course lay by Ivy Home, well named for the dense growth of that clinging vine covering its side.

Mr. Frissell is a finished yachtsman, as well as a scholar and effective preacher, and on one occasion won a cup in a yacht race. With many anecdotes and incidents of interest connected with the work here, Mr. Frissell entertained us.

One, illustrative of the devout spirit of the Negro, was of the long ago, when the poor, ignorant, terrified race fled for succor and protection to the Federal lines. Here the trembling group were gathered on the shore, and witnessed with horror the encounter between the Rebel ram and the Union ship, followed by the almost immediate sinking of the latter. With heavy hearts, and a great dread of what might be on the morrow, an impromptu prayer-meeting was held by them on the site where the Academic Hall now stands. Effectual, fervent prayers for the success of the Union arms, ascended all night to "Him who heareth and answereth prayer." And lo! at dawn of day, while they yet prayed, came the answer. At least so those faithful hearts firmly believed.

One anecdote, rather rough on the mission-

aries, was told by a lady visitor here, who is doing a good work among the degraded colored people in the State. The majority of the negro pupils are from the poorest and most ignorant class. This good lady had succeeded in winning the consent (though reluctant) of a mother to allow her child to become an inmate of Hampton Institute. Calling again to show her interest, and to see that no hindrance was thrown in the way at the last moment, she received the assurance that all was well, and that a strong lock had been put on the girl's trunk, that the missionaries might not steal her clothes!

On landing at the wharf, the carriage being in waiting, we left this noble Institution with its corps of earnest workers in the cause of humanity. A short drive over a level road, and across a bridge, brought us to the town of Hampton. This cannot be called an old town, for during the war, every dwelling but one was destroyed by fire, by order of the Confederates, while only the walls of Old St. John's Church were left to tell of Colonial days. Hampton was built on the site of a small Indian village called Kecoughtan. Its modern name was not bestowed upon it till

the year 1705, when it was regularly incorporated into a town. In Colonial times it was a place of some importance as a shipping port, and in 1775, the inhabitants of the town made a successful defence against the boats of the British fleet. The town suffered great disaster in the war of 1812–14. It was attacked by a flotilla, commanded by Admiral Cockburn and Sir Sidney Beckwith, when, after a short and fierce battle, the garrison was captured and the place given up to pillage. During the war of the rebellion, this much suffering, ancient and picturesque little town was almost totally destroyed by fire. Without warning, the helpless inhabitants were roused from their beds at midnight, to look upon their burning homes.

Hampton is a town of about four thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are colored. The chief object of interest now, to the visitor, is Old St. John's Church, which was built between the years 1658 and 1660. The bricks used in its construction were brought over from England by the colonists. During the last war with that country, when the British forces held possession of the town, this old church was used by the troops as barracks, and otherwise desecrated, so

that nothing was left standing but the walls. The "Old Queen Anne Bell" was taken down, and placed in an angle of the wall made by the church and tower. From there it was removed

Old St. John's Church, Hampton.

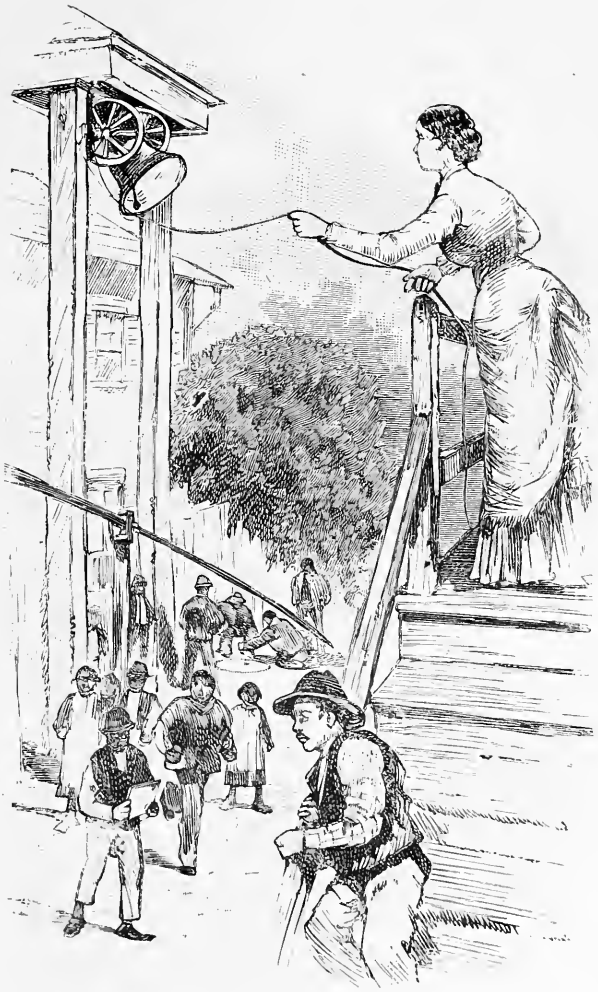
to the guard-house of the encampment, by order of the commander, where, the tongue becoming loose, an axe was used to strike the hour, and the bell cracked.

After the war the old pile was restored; the bell re-cast, and the church consecrated once more to the service of God. But again, in the present century, the hand of man was raised against it, the torch was applied, and conflagration raged on every side. Yet, these old walls stood firm.

The flames had hardly subsided, when excavations were made under the walls to find the corner-stone, and thereby secure any valuables that might have been buried there. Whether those vandals were successful in their search or not, is unknown. But these "Walls of Zion" have successfully withstood fire, sword and pillage, and to-day within them is heard the song of thanksgiving and praise, and the word of exhortation.

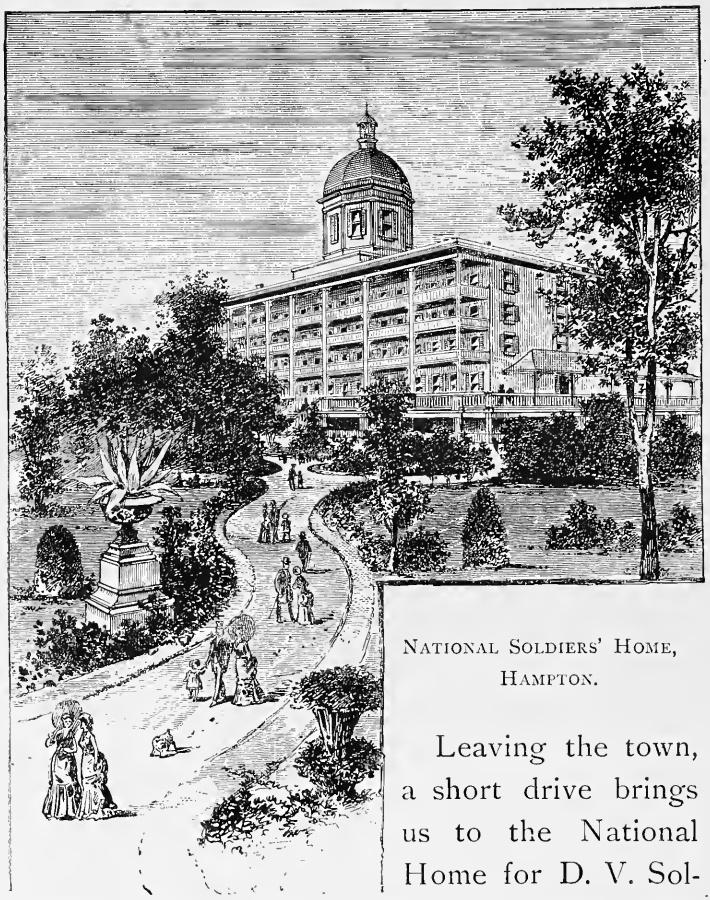
Tradition says, "that anciently the King's coat-of-arms was placed upon the steeple, but that in 1776, shortly after the Declaration of Independence, the steeple was rent lengthwise by lightning, and the insignia of royalty hurled to the earth."

Hampton was a "city of refuge" to the African race during the War. Hundreds of "contrabands" fled there for safety, and were protected and provided for by the Government.



Ringing the School Bell.

So here the slave first tasted freedom; for that memorable "order" issued from Fortress Monroe in 1861, making the slave "contraband of war," gave him virtually his liberty.



National Soldiers' Home, Hampton.

Leaving the town, a short drive brings us to the National Home for D. V. Soldiers, a cluster of buildings of much architectural merit, where some 1,650 sick and

disabled veterans are cared for, and find shelter. Their crippled forms are seen moving through the spacious gardens, which are kept in order and beautified by their hands; and with their cats, parrots and monkeys, these disabled soldiers seem to enjoy their delightful retreat by the sea.

Major P. T. Woodfin, the Governor, is a kind and judicious ruler, and, as far as possible, everything has been done to make the place comfortable and attractive for the inmates. Many forms of diversion have been provided; new barracks erected, and the library enlarged. Some of the soldiers are expert gardeners; others are skilled fishermen; while a few find employment in mechanical pursuits.

Private theatricals appear to be one of the chief amusements indulged in. A large hall has been fitted up with all appointments requisite to a theatre, and well stocked with complete sets of scenery, some of which were painted by the inmates. Here dramatic performances, concerts, lectures and entertainments of various kinds are given for the amusement of the Veterans, and very creditable performances are often given by a theatrical and minstrel troop chosen from the "rank and file."

OLD VETERANS.

The main building is a large, commodious edifice, beautifully situated, overlooking Hampton Roads. It was, before the war, a young ladies' educational institute, called the Chesapeake Female College. It was taken possession

Ward Memorial Hall, Soldiers' Home.

of by the military in 1861, and used as a hospital. And in 1870, it was purchased by the Government, and became the Veterans' "Home."

The Ward Memorial Hall was built from funds bequeathed for that purpose, by Mr. Horatio Ward, of England. Here is the spacious dining-room, where sixteen tables, the length of the room, are set. One thousand men can be accommodated at one time. Over one thousand pounds of beef are consumed at one meal, and one thousand loaves of bread daily, other provisions being in proportion. Adjoining is the kitchen, with ovens, ranges, etc., on a mammoth scale.

In this same building is a fine billiard room, and above, is the large and tastefully fitted up theatre. The offices of the Governor and Treasurer are in a small brick building near. The Governor's residence is a handsome mansion, surrounded by a beautiful garden, with vases and banks of flowers and shrubs. Near is the conservatory where are many rare and lovely plants.

We next visited the National Cemetery, which is separated from the Soldiers' Home by a narrow inlet from the creek. As we drove up, a military funeral was gathered there, and the veterans were firing a volley over the grave of a dead comrade. It is stated that an average of about five interments a month take place from the home.

Main Building, Soldiers' Home.

The graves are laid out in double rows, feet to feet, with wide paths between the headstones. In the center of the Cemetery rises a tall, hand-

Monument, National Cemetery.

some monument of granite, erected, according to inscription, in "1862, in memory of Union Soldiers, who died to maintain the laws."

This monument is enclosed by a fence, the posts of which are 3-inch rifled cannon, and the pickets, muskets with bayonets fixed. At one end of this burial-ground are the graves of Confederate soldiers, who died here while prisoners of war.

Leaving the Cemetery, we once again entered our carriage, and a ride of about two miles and a half over a smooth, hard, shell road and across a long bridge (where a Guard from the Fortress is stationed, to keep watch for deserters), brought us to Old Point Comfort, situated at the junction of Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads.

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

THE HYGEIA HOTEL AND FORTRESS MONROE.

"The war-drum throbbed no longer,
And the battle-flags were furled."

DISMISSING our carriage at the Hygeia Hotel, we found our friends quietly resting after a day of sight-seeing, followed by a sumptuous dinner at this justly famed house.

It is a vast, imposing structure, and a favorite resort for travelers, with its spacious rooms, open fireplaces, and general air of comfort, together with its many windows and wide, extensive piazzas commanding, from all points, charming views of sea and land.

And now that we also have rested and dined, we will take a look at this giant hotel, called the Hygeia. Old Point Comfort seems divided between Fortress Monroe and the Hygeia Hotel, the Government and Phœbus; not, indeed, the luminous god of the ancients, but his human descendant—the proprietor of the one Hotel.

Long before the war, Old Point Comfort was celebrated as a watering place, it being a great resort for the Southern gentry as early as the year 1817. Attracted by its beautiful situation, delightful climate, and singularly even temperature, people from all sections of the country flocked here, to enjoy the cool, invigorating breezes of the ocean, and the luxuries of sea-bathing, sailing and fishing, which were here afforded.

But the vicissitudes of war changed all this, and for many years after peace was declared, Old Point Comfort was known only as an important military post. In 1867, a low two-

story building was erected on the site of the old Hygeia Hotel. It was afterwards enlarged and added to, and passed through a diversity of hands, having a variable existence till 1874, when Mr. Harrison Phoebus purchased the structure and became proprietor. Since that time, the history of the hotel has been one of brilliant success, till now it stands in the front rank, as one of the finest, most complete and superb hotels in the country.

A brief account of the life of the genial proprietor, who is an acknowledged archetypal host,—and by whose unflagging energy and enterprise this fashionable resort has grown, till to-day its fame extends throughout the length and breadth of the land,—cannot but be of interest.

The son of a Methodist local preacher and farmer, the youngest of sixteen children, Harrison Phoebus' early years were passed in comparative poverty. His father died while he was but a boy, and the only schooling he obtained was in an irregular attendance, a few winters, at the village school. He worked on his mother's worn-out farm, did chores, earned an occasional quarter by assisting a neighboring

farmer, and spent the winter months culling oysters at fifty cents a day.

But while he toiled cheerfully with his hands, his active mind was silently working out the great problem of his life. His father had left a small library containing, besides a number of religious works, a few volumes of biography, history and travels. These young Phoebus eagerly devoured during his leisure hours, like Webster, feeding his mind, after a day of toil, by the light of a tallow candle and a pine knot.

Keen, observant, willing, not afraid to work, he was ready to seize any honorable opportunity that presented itself for advancing his interests. From his reading he had learned the possibilities for advancement the great outside world presented, and he was determined, if perseverance and hard work could accomplish it, he would win success. With a natural taste for mechanics, he practiced as a carpenter for a while, till, at the age of nineteen, he was, in a small way, a master builder.

On the breaking out of the war, young Phoebus enlisted in a Maryland regiment, and in the latter part of '63 received an honorable discharge from the army. Chancing to visit the office

of the Adams Express Company, in Baltimore, the rush and activity of the business attracted him. He applied for a position, producing his discharge papers as evidence of character.

He was engaged as a wagon driver, but within ten days received a position in the office of the company. Before six weeks were over, he was detailed as special messenger on the way-train to Martinsburg, W. Va. On this line he was twice, in four months, captured by Mosby's guerillas. Mr. Phoebus continued to be trusted with special and important missions and business by the company, all of which he discharged with prompt fidelity, till, in 1866, he received the appointment of agent to Fortress, a post which he has ever since filled.

Appointed now to a pleasant and permanent agency, with a lucrative salary, adequate to his support, many in his position would have been content with the measure of success achieved. Not so with Harrison Phoebus. His active, enterprising spirit could not be held back. He became postmaster of the Point, and engaged successfully in many enterprises. He was cautious, clear-sighted, prompt in his dealings. He invested profitably in real estate.

Whatever he found to do he did it with his might, going into every enterprise with an absolute determination to achieve success; and he soon became known as a rising man.

Mr. Phoebus had long taken note of affairs at the Hygeia. He had seen the errors in the management, and knew that the end must soon come. With keen foresight he estimated the possibilities of the business. Though he had had no personal experience in hotel keeping, he had a firm confidence in his own abilities, and laid his plans accordingly.

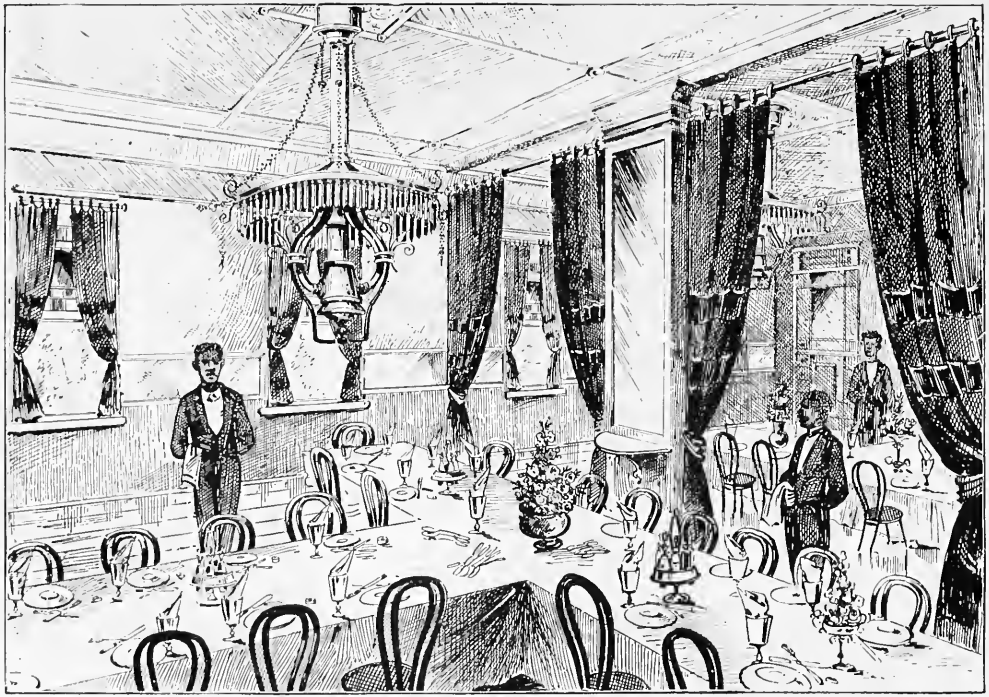
When, in 1874, the firm became bankrupt, and the hotel was advertised for sale at public auction, Mr. Phoebus became proprietor. Into this new enterprise he brought the same unconquerable energy and sound judgment that had marked his previous career. To have the finest hotel of its kind, and let the general public know it, was now the object to which he devoted himself, heart and soul.

He visited various establishments in different parts of the country, and observed the management, adopting the attractive features, while avoiding the errors. He remodeled and extended the hotel, looked personally after the

comfort of his guests, and instituted a strict system of discipline amongst his employees. Gradually the reputation of the house spread, and the throng of guests increased year by year. Few visitors left the Hygeia without a determination to come again. As money poured in, it was expended in enlarging and beautifying the house, and adding to its attractions, till, to-day, it stands in completeness and management without a peer.

Simple and unostentatious by nature, with a face unmarked by care, a stranger would have little idea of the reserved power possessed by him. But with all the vast and varied enterprises in which he has been engaged, Mr. Phoebus has found time to take a personal interest in benevolent and charitable affairs, and to assist others, among whom he has been thrown in contact, by valuable suggestions and judicious counsel, as well as by the open-handed liberality by which he is known far and near.

His charities are great and numerous, though but little known, for few carry out, to the letter, more closely the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." Mr. Phoebus possesses the power of making earnest,



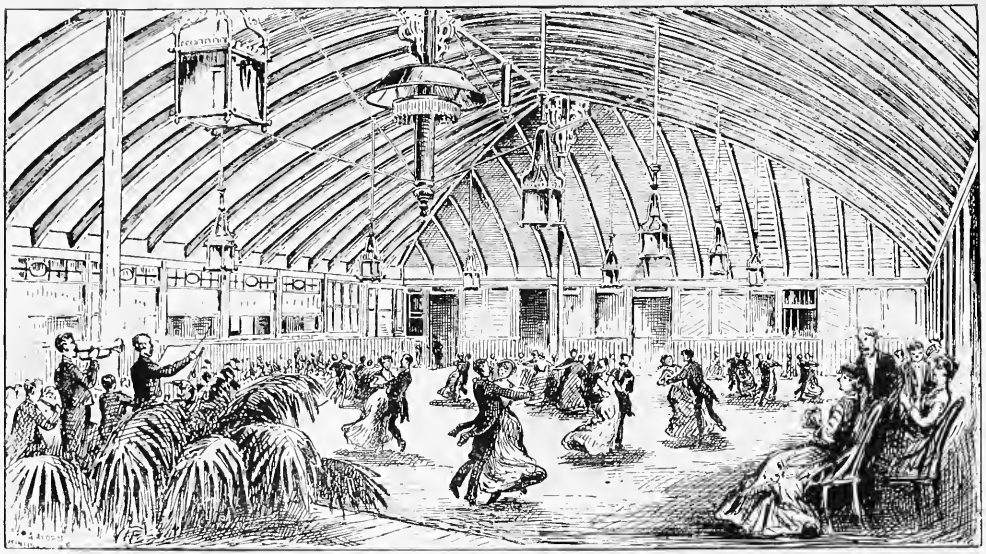
Banquet Hall, Hygeia Hotel.

true, and lasting friendships, winning the respect and confidence of all. He has been twice urged to accept a nomination for Congress, but will not enter the political arena.

Mr. Phoebus personally conducted us over this mammoth building, and showed us its inner workings. Every convenience and luxury is to be found beneath its roof. The parlors are large and rich, tasteful and elegant in furnishing and decoration. The dining-room is one of the handsomest in the world and capable of seating one thousand guests.

The lofty and beautiful ball-room, shaped like a sea-shell, with an immense oriel window, open to the sea, enclosing nearly half the room, where flowers blossom all the year, echoes every night to the inspiriting strains of music, and the trip of lightsome feet and happy hearts. The spacious reading-room, breakfast and sitting rooms, the office and reception-room resplendent with beveled mirrors, unique and esthetic mantels, open fireplaces, illuminating fixtures and Queen Anne windows, pander to the taste of all and invite to luxurious ease.

The *cuisine* is perfect, the waiters polite and attentive. The varied resources of Chesa-



DANCING AND CONCERT HALL, HYGEIA HOTEL.

peake Bay are proverbial; while its oysters have been famed since the days of Captain John Smith. Canvas-back ducks, terrapins, turtles, soft-shell crabs, Virginia hams, and Maryland geese and turkeys are, each in its season, to be

Winter Corridors.

found on the table of the Hygeia; while from the markets of Baltimore and New York the more substantial requisites of beef, mutton, etc., are daily obtained, and serve to tempt the appetite of invalid and epicure.

This great hotel covers an area of two acres, is four stories high, has eleven miles of sunny, glass-inclosed verandas, with more than ninety miles of steam, water, drain, ventilation and gas pipes; while four and three-quarter acres of carpet are required to cover the floors. The guests' room, most distant, is 1,380 feet from the registry office.

Every improvement that modern ingenuity has devised has been introduced. Turkish, Roman, Russian and electric baths are at the service of the guests. These are fitted up with cathedral glass windows, tesselated marble floors, and general Oriental magnificence.

All the rooms and suites are large and exquisitely furnished, having hot and cold water, gas, electric bells and telephonic attachments in each; while steam radiators, which can be immediately brought into use, or turned off at pleasure, are in every apartment, or if preferred, an open grate or stove is at hand.

The concert hall, on the second floor, is a beautiful and artistically finished room, and is used for private theatricals, concerts, lectures, receptions, dinner parties, etc. Thirteen thousand dollars were spent on its decoration and fur-

nishing. Billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, tennis-courts, offer their attractions in connection with the allurements of yachting, fishing, bathing, aquatic shooting, the military drill, artillery practice, and to those romantically inclined, a moonlight stroll along the turfed battlements of the Fortress, to the martial music of the garrison band.

The laundry and kitchen must not be passed unnoticed. Each is complete in its department, and on a vast scale, befitting the house. Everything is sweet and clean and orderly. The work of washing, drying and ironing is all done by steam, and the machines seem almost endowed with life. In the kitchen, dusky figures move briskly about. Here are the immense boilers, ranges, kettles and all the paraphernalia requisite for catering to the taste of so many guests. But one important, and generally indispensable, adjunct to a well-ordered kitchen, seems wanting. The fires are burning, the savory dishes cooking, the atmosphere of the room is clear, the draft excellent—but where is the chimney? Surely there is none. What, then, becomes of the smoke? 'Tis a mystery our host, evidently amused at our perplexity,

must solve. This was the architectural location, in point of convenience, for the kitchen, but nowhere in the great room could a chimney be built without seriously interfering with many of the most eligible apartments. Mr. Phoebus studied the subject, experimented, and ended by carrying the smoke from the ranges seventy feet under ground, through a tunnel, to a high brick chimney standing by itself in the yard. Whether the proprietor has protected his discovery by a "patent applied for," is not known. In any event, the idea will doubtless be seized upon by builders.

The ventilation of the hotel is thorough, and its system of drainage complete in its workings. Mr. Phoebus has given this subject special and personal attention. He studied the best authorities, and traveled thousands of miles to inspect various systems, and the result has been the giving to the Hygeia Hotel a drainage system which has been pronounced by experts to be "absolutely perfect."

In all these improvements and additions, Mr. Phoebus has been his own architect and contractor. He draws his own plans, buys all the lumber and materials, hires his men, and super-

intends the work himself. When any alteration suggests itself to his mind, he first makes himself master of the subject in hand, sparing no time, trouble, nor expense to attain his end. Thus he is enabled to go to work intelligently, with a thorough understanding of the matter in hand.

The servants have a glad, contented look. And well may they consider their employer a personal friend, for the servants' quarters are fitted up with an eye to their comfort and happiness, with ample accommodation for two hundred men. Piazzas run across the front of the building, and every comfort is provided for them. Here is a large library, a reading room, and a billiard room, for recreation during leisure hours. The women's building is arranged with the same care and thoughtfulness. The housekeeper has one hundred and twenty girls under her supervision.

What particularly strikes the stranger upon first arriving at this famed resort, is the homelike aspect of all about him, the absence of the usual stiff formality, which seems inseparable from the elaborate furnishing of most fashionable hotels. Though in what this secret charm consists is hard to discover, for here one is surrounded by every luxury and elegance.

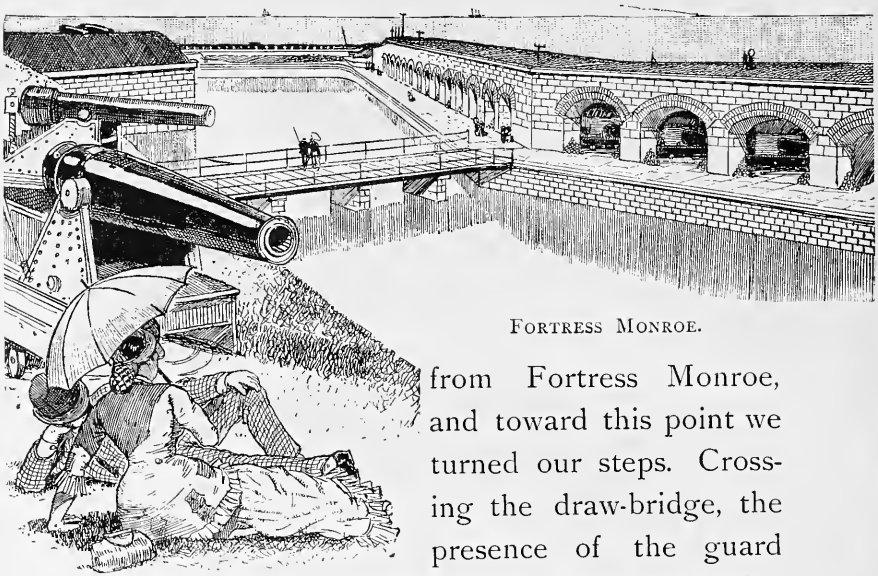
For children, life at the Hygeia is simple, healthful and happy. Here they can run and play on the broad verandas, romp on the hard, smooth beach, or dig in the sand, making miniature forts and castles, gathering pebbles, while they bask in the sunshine and breathe in the clear air of the ocean.

On the Beach.

On the bluff at the water's edge is a pavilion where one can sit and look out over the broad, blue waters, upon the ever-shifting panorama, and listen to the music of the waves breaking upon the sandy shore. The hotel is open all the year round, and is nearly as much frequented in winter as in summer. The miles of sunny, glass-enclosed piazzas fronting on Hampton Roads,

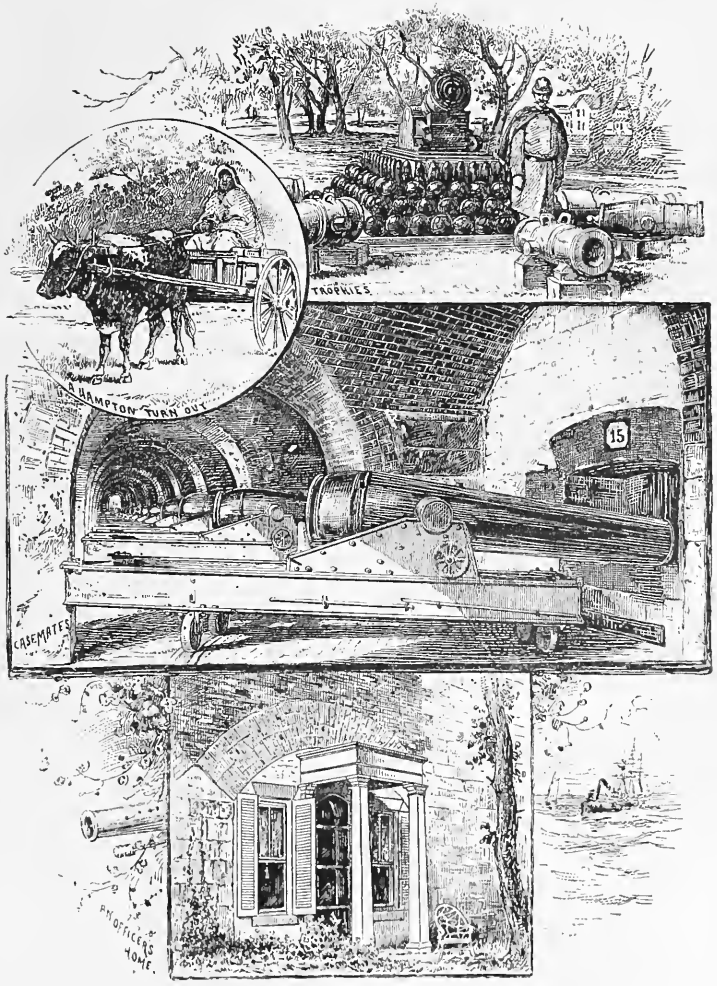
with the perfect system of heating this vast building, together with its other attractions, combine to make this hotel a delightful winter sanitarium, as well as a charming summer resort.

The hotel is located only one hundred yards



Fortress Monroe.

from Fortress Monroe, and toward this point we turned our steps. Crossing the draw-bridge, the presence of the guard posted at the massive portal, gave unmistakable evidence that we were approaching a military stronghold. It is hexagonal in shape, and covers eighty acres of ground, surrounded by a moat eight feet deep, and from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty feet wide.

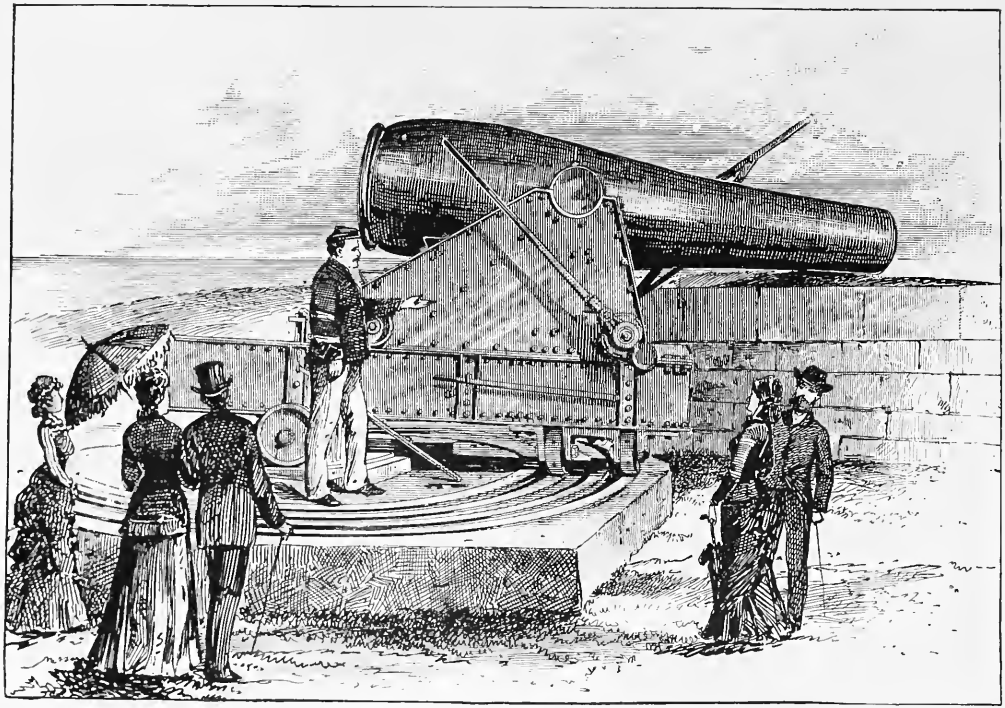


In the Fortress.

Inside, the Fortress is almost like some thriving village, with its broad walks and drives, cottages, church, barracks, storehouse and arsenal; its grassy lawns, live-oaks and other shade trees old and gnarled, shrubbery and flowers. But the groups of men in uniform, the sentinels pacing back and forth with measured step, the spacious parade ground, the quiet and order, the munitions of war on every side, attest the strict military discipline.

Here is located the United States Artillery School, where all artillery graduates from West Point are ordered to attend for the space of two years. Target practice, from outside the fort or from the battlements, which takes place nearly every afternoon, is a great attraction to strangers. A mile and a half away, across the water, can be seen floating the small, white target.

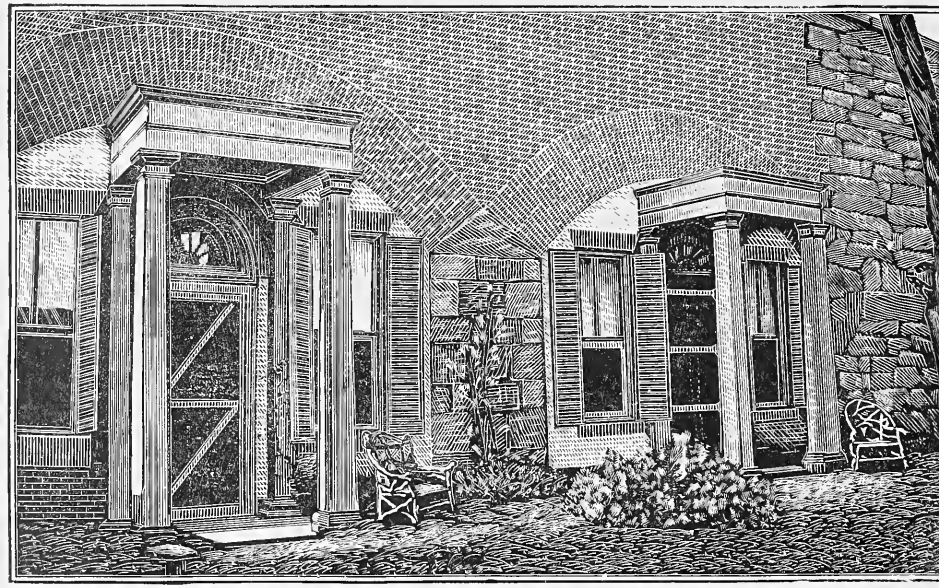
The turf-covered ramparts are not among the least of the delights of a visit to the Fortress, and it is said that a promenade here, with a well-drilled officer, is at once most agreeable and dangerous to the unsophisticated. We did not miss the morning Guard Mounting or the sunset Dress Parade, when the reveille sounded and the enlivening strains of the band were heard. Wit-



ONE OF THE "BIG GUNS," FORTRESS MONROE.

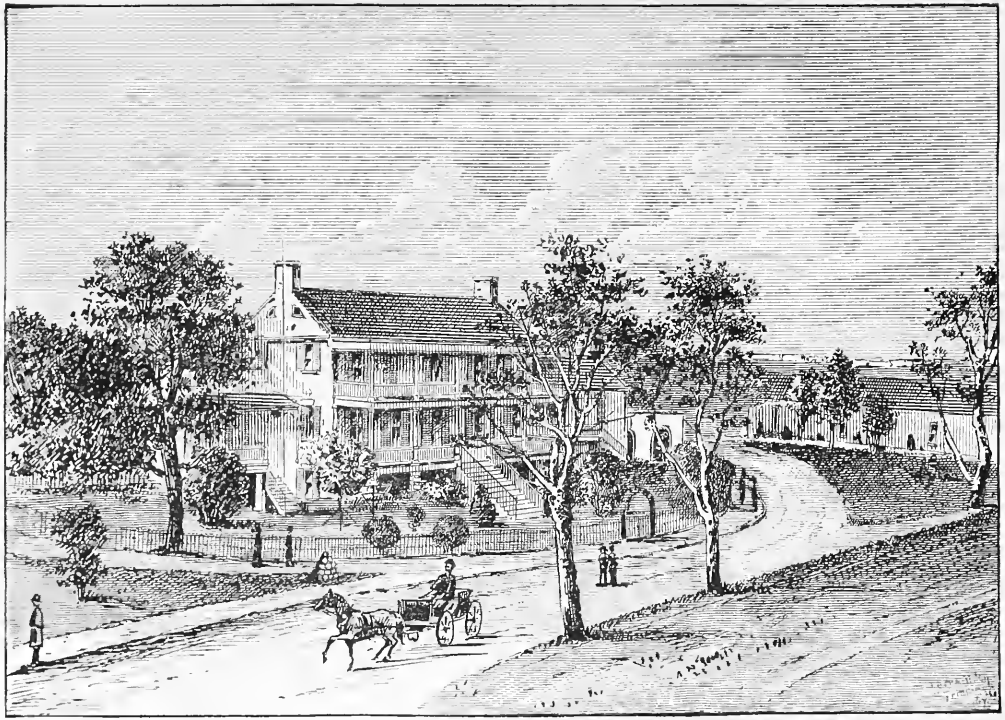
nessing the performance of the varied military manœuvers by the soldiers in their spotless uniforms, followed by the final grouping in line and dismissal, was a fine and effective sight.

Under the battlements are lines of what are



JEFF. DAVIS'S PRISON, FORTRESS MONROÉ.

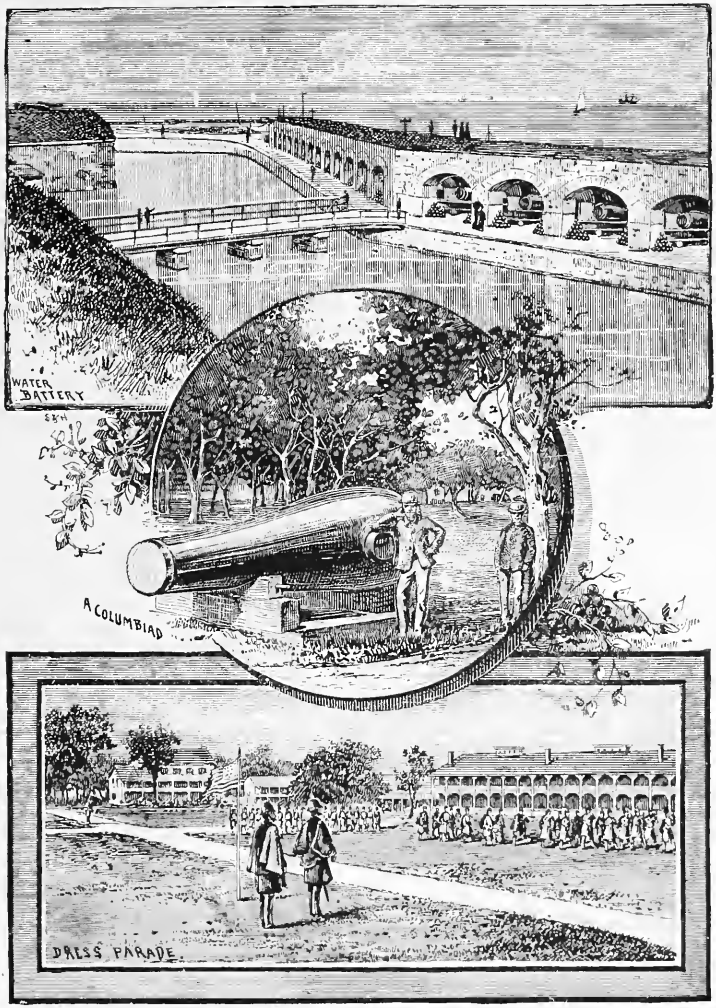
called casemates, which are used as dwellings for the officers. One was pointed out as being the place of confinement of Jefferson Davis, after his capture.



RESIDENCE OF THE POST COMMANDANT, GEN. J. C. TIDBALL, FORTRESS MONROE.

Gen. J. C. Tidball is Commandant of the Post, and his pleasant residence gives a good idea of the rural beauty of many of the cottages within the fortress, occupied by the officers. This garrisoned post forms an enduring nucleus of refined and educated society at Old Point Comfort, and distinguished members of official and fashionable circles from every section of our own, and many foreign countries, find representatives at the Point during the year.

Recrossing the draw-bridge on our return, we looked in at the Navy Yard, passed along the well-kept, seemingly deserted streets, and arrive at the Government wharf in time to take the local steamer to Norfolk, a sail of about fifteen miles.



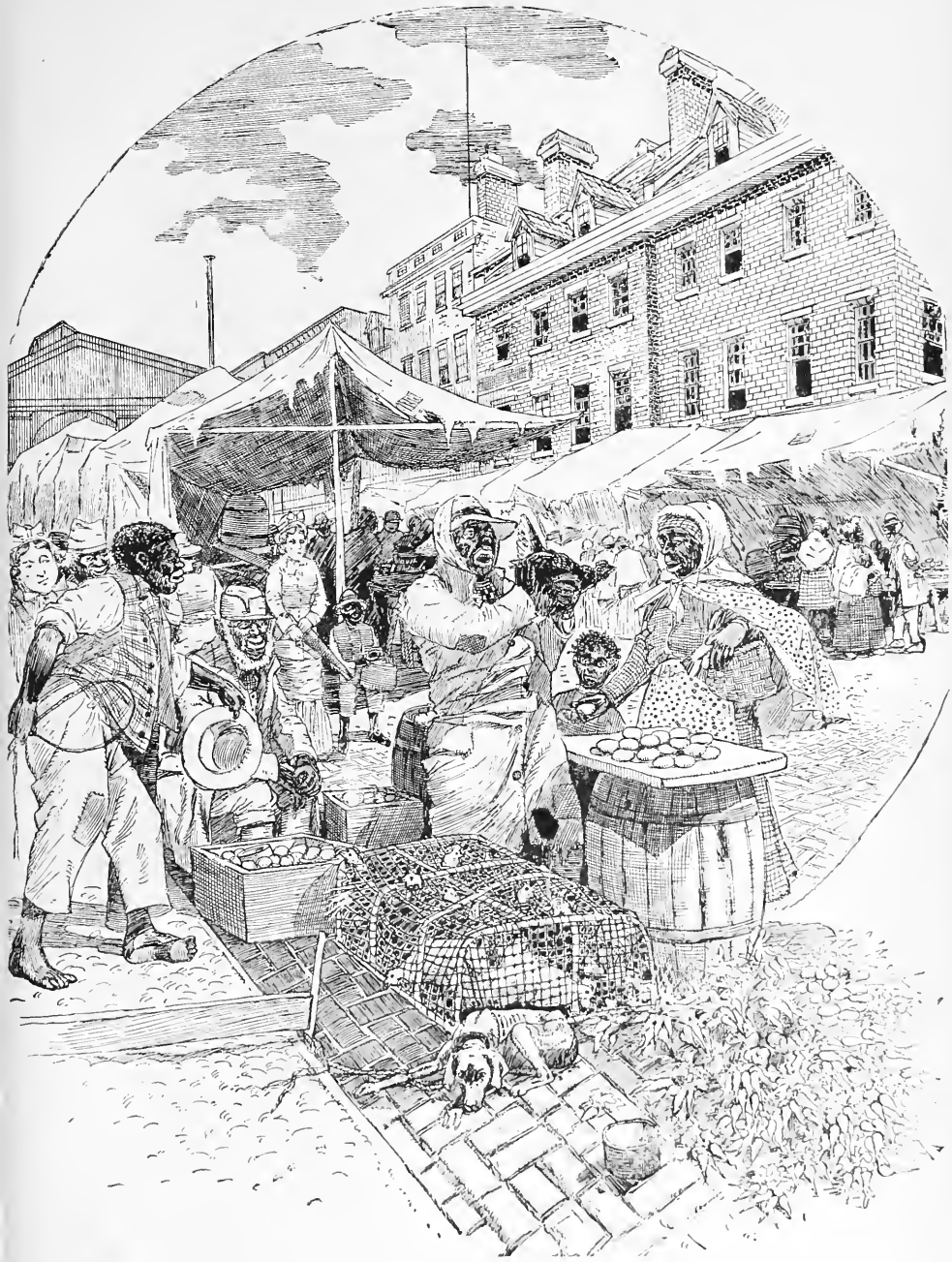
GLIMPSES OF GARRISON LIFE.

CHAPTER XVII.

NORFOLK.

"Amid the bright green pastures, the dark brown city stands,—
Where are all its muttering voices, aching heads, and busy hands?"

THIS ancient town was laid out more than a century and a half ago. It was burned during the Revolutionary War, by order of the British colonial governor, Lord Dunmore, and fully nine-tenths of it destroyed. With its irregular dingy streets and sleepy aspect, it looks more like some old English town, than an American seaport. The negro population is large, though many Northern people, and some English families, have settled in the vicinity. The society of Norfolk is refined and the people hospitable. On the streets, near the water-side, are many fine shops, and much activity is apparent. A goodly traffic in fish and oysters is carried on in the town; and of late years it is taking an important rank as a shipping port for cotton, and is now the peanut market for the world.



MARKET SCENE, NORFOLK.

But, formerly, Norfolk was accounted "an elysium for lazy folks." From a Southern journal we quote: "We are lazy in Norfolk, that's a fact. But there is no need of working here. If a man has energy enough to dig a worm, he can take a pin-hook, and sit down on the wharf, and catch fish enough in one day to last him two. If he is too lazy to dig a worm, he can tie a piece of

flannel rag on a string, and catch enough crabs to last a day or two; and if too lazy for that, he can lie down on his back on the sand at ebb-tide, open his mouth, and when the tide comes in, the crabs will run into it. What need is there of work in a country for which Nature has done so much?" But that day of listlessness and stagna-

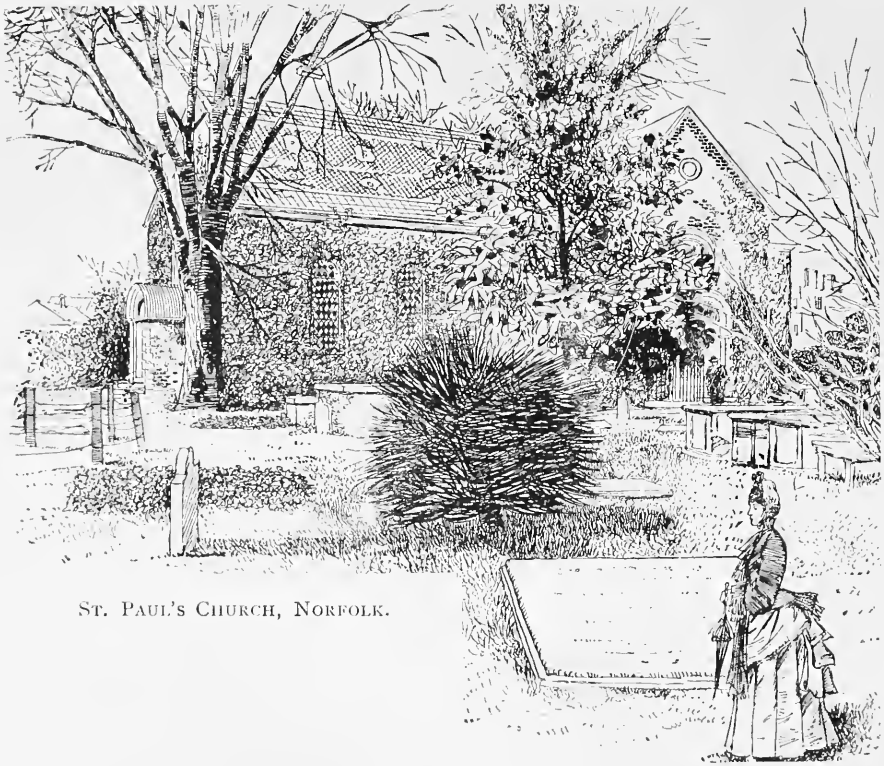
Going to Mill.

tion is past, and the city is waking up from its long sleep.

Hampton Roads, one of the finest expanses of land-locked water in the world, is only fifteen miles from Norfolk. The fort is still used, as it was before the War, as a magazine or receptacle for military stores. From the parapet, a magnificent view of river, harbor, villages, forts, hospital and city, can be obtained.

The private residences are mostly plain and unpretentious, but with a homelike aspect, many of them being surrounded by fine gardens and shrubbery. A stroll through some of the quiet streets of the city, brought us to the old ivy-clad Church of St. Paul's. It was built in 1739, and shows, imbedded in its side, a cannon ball received during the bombardment of the town by the British, in 1776. Thus, though war, conflagration and pestilence, have in turn surged around it on every side, this venerable structure has been left standing, to tell the story to future generations.

The interior is cruciform, and, with its fine memorial window, seems like a miniature cathedral. A modern wing was added to this ancient church in 1877. The whole edifice, together with the mouldering tombstones, vaults, monu-



St. Paul's Church, Norfolk.

ments, gnarled trees, hollow trunks, and brick wall, is completely covered with the clinging ivy. Truly

"A rare old plant is the Ivy green.
* * *
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings
To his friend, the old Oak-tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously twines and hugs around
The rich mould of dead men's graves."

Hours might be spent in the old churchyard, where many quaint inscriptions can be deciphered from these worn, broken and defaced tombstones. For the following we are indebted to the kindness of Mrs. C. C. Knowlton, who transcribed them during a previous visit:

1795.

Mrs. Abigail, Consort of Benj. Pollard,
Merchant of this Borough.

Pattern of goodness and unblemished life,
Here lies the tenderest mother, fondest wife,
Who's easy manners, free from guile or art,
Who's sweet simplicity engage each ♡
Who's lovely person and who's sprightly mind
Each female grace with every virtue joined.

Another inscription reads:

Here lyeth y body of
Wm. Harris
who dep'ted this life y
8th day of mar 1687
aged 35 years.

This latter slab is inserted in the corner of the wall of the church edifice, having been brought from some other burial ground and placed there. The oldest date here legible is 1673; the most recent is 1882, being that of the late Rector Okeson, who held the rectorate of St. Paul's parish for twenty-six years.

But we cannot linger longer in this old city. The time has arrived when we must retrace our steps and set our faces Northward. Promptly on the minute, the *Old Dominion* left her anchorage at the wharf; and now but the memory remains of these days of wandering under Southern skies.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON SHIPBOARD.

"Smooth went our boat along the summer seas,
Leaving—for so it seemed—a world behind
Its cares, its sounds, its shadows; we reclined
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That whispered through the palms, or idly played
With the lithe flag aloft—a forest scene
On either side drew its slope line of green,
And hung the water's edge with shade."

AFTER these many days of eager unrest, bewildering enjoyment, varied and often perplexing experiences amid strange scenes and people, it was pleasant to gather, a re-united company, on board the good steamship which was to bear us homeward.

Grouped on the upper deck of the *Old Dominion*, the scene that met our view was one of surpassing beauty. Lovely villas with wide, hospitable-looking verandas, overrun with creeping vines and bowered in luxurious verdure; groves of pine and other trees, with green lawns sloping down to the water's edge, fixed the atten-

tion as we glided quietly down the beautiful Elizabeth River to Hampton Roads, a distance of fifteen miles.

As we breathed in the balmy air and fragrant breeze, wafted to us from the shore, all thought of care was banished from the mind, and the last lingering feeling of restlessness was stilled and blended with the unbroken calm around. We looked back at the land we were leaving with regret and pride. Regret, that our stay could not be longer; and pride, that the same flag waves over this Southern land that floats over our Northern homes—that we are again a united people.

Naturally our thoughts reverted to the scenes we had left, and as the shadows deepened, questions were asked, facts and incidents related of sights witnessed, and accounts given of experiences and impressions received by different individuals during the trip. Mr. Robertson, who had spent many years in India, near the banks of the Ganges, related many stirring incidents of life there, the present tour having brought those early associations vividly back to memory. Mr. Wheeler gave us a little history of his early career as a seamen, when a serious accident terminated his "life on the ocean wave."

Mr. Lucas Baker exhibited a sketch of "Epps' Homestead" on the James river, near City Point, taken by him on the spot, and gave the following history of the old Appomattox estate: "Dr. Richard Epps inherited the place from his ancestors, in a continuous line back to the year 1636. The original patent is now preserved in the State House at Richmond. The name of the first proprietor was Col. Francis Epps. Before the War of the Rebellion, there was a large estate and many slaves. During the campaign of General Grant in 1864 and 1865, the place was occupied as the headquarters of the army operating against Petersburg and Richmond. At the end of the war there were about fifty cottages on the estate, which had been erected for the use of the various officers of Gen. Grant's staff. The cottage used by the adjutant-general now remains. But the one occupied by Gen. Grant was removed to Fairmount Park, in Philadelphia. The place is one of the most beautiful on the river. Occupying the point of land between the Appomattox and James rivers a grand view is afforded of the James to Bermuda Hundred. The grounds are covered with fine old trees; the roses were in bloom, and

the grass in the parks ready to cut. The house is a good example of an old Virginia residence. Four of the rooms are one hundred and fifty years old."

Mrs. H. P. Smith described in glowing terms the sail down the beautiful and historic James, and afterwards handed to the Historian, the following account:

"DOWN THE JAMES RIVER.

"We left Richmond at 3 P.M., May 19th, on the steamer *Old Dominion*. Casting regretful glances back at the city, we bade it farewell. It was a lovely day, balmy and not too bright. The rays of the afternoon sun were slightly veiled by fleecy clouds, which, without obscuring the light, tempered the heat to a comfortable degree. Richmond, enthroned upon her high hills and embosomed in rich foliage, appeared indeed 'beautiful for situation.' Our attention was soon drawn from the city, which we were fast leaving behind us, by the beautiful scenery on either hand, and the wonderfully devious course of the James.

"Our party stationed themselves on the hurricane deck, a few even venturing to take chairs out on one of the paddle-boxes, where they had an

excellent view on both sides of the river. Our polite Captain Smith came aft and pointed out the places of interest. As we passed along, we could often look across a bend in the river, and see our track running in almost an opposite direction to where we then were, so crooked is the course of the river. One of our fellow-tourists, who has traveled in Oriental lands, said that the James reminded him much of the Hoogly River. We noticed that the colored people, who live here and there along the banks, would often row out in their skiffs towards the steamer, apparently just to enjoy the gentle rocking which the steamer's huge paddles furnished them.

"We saw many large, dark birds flying lazily along and often alighting on the muddy flats, which are occasionally visible. After debating among ourselves what species of bird they belonged to, we betrayed our ignorance of ornithology by pronouncing them eagles; however, on consulting one of the officers, he said: 'Oh! they are turkey-buzzards.' Our courteous captain directed our attention to a large house surmounted by a flag-staff and a flag, situated on a high bluff on the eastern side of the river. He said that the gentleman who lived there always

saluted the *Old Dominion* when she passed, by a light at night and dipping his flag by day ; and even while we gazed, the flag was dipped three times, to which courtesy the steamer responded by three shrill whistles.

"We were all, of course, greatly interested in recollections of the war and of the battles that had been fought on or near this now peaceful river. But as we looked to right and left and saw the remains of earthworks, fortifications, and especially when we passed through the celebrated Dutch Gap, and remembered what labor and skill had been expended there, we felt how little we could realize of the terrible struggle and deeds of daring which were done here a score of years ago. It was all so peaceful and serene now, that one could hardly believe that the summer air had re-echoed to the thunder of cannon, and that these fair fields and hills had trembled under the tread of armies. We gazed upon Chapin's Bluff and Drury's Bluff and off toward Malvern Hill, with great interest. How strange it seemed, to be recalling those names, once too familiar to us in the war news of long ago!

"About 6 P.M., we reached City Point, another

historic place, and gladly availed ourselves of the Captain's invitation to visit Gen. Grant's headquarters. These were at Epps' Homestead, the family mansion having been used as Quartermaster's department, while the General and Staff lived in log houses built for the purpose. Of these only the chimneys are now standing, and are overgrown by beautiful English ivy, forming columns of rich verdure. We were very cordially received by Dr. Epps and family, who gave us some interesting facts in the history of his home. The main part of the house, consisting of four rooms, was built in 1651, and is still in a good state of preservation. The iron work of the veranda showed the marks of war, a portion of it having been broken away by the explosion of a shell. There are several gunboats or monitors anchored near City Point, the officers of which form an agreeable addition to the society of the neighborhood. The steamer's whistle brought our agreeable call to an end, and summoned us on board without delay, and we were soon steaming down the river in the soft twilight, with the prospect of a pleasant night before us.

"Hearing sounds of mirth and jollity down below, we inquired as to its meaning, so Captain

Smith told us to follow him to the lower deck, and see and hear for ourselves. We found that a large party of colored people, men, women and children, had come on board to go to Norfolk and vicinity, to work in the fields, and were now enjoying their journey after their own fashion, singing, dancing and keeping time by clapping their hands. They had no banjo with them, but one small boy had a mouth-organ, which produced all the accompaniment they needed. By request, they sang some of their peculiar melodies for us, and also danced a little, though the ladies of color were shy, and only one would join in the festivities. We were highly entertained, and as they did not forget to pass around the hat, they were probably well satisfied.

"We reached Norfolk in the night, and the next morning were aroused early to take a hasty breakfast, and get ready for a trip to Old Point Comfort by the steamer *Northampton*. We found the sail very pleasant, and on arriving, engaged a stage to take all who wished over to Hampton, to the Soldiers' Home, and to Gen. Armstrong's School. Before starting, we visited Fortress Monroe, and saw the regular guard mounting for the day; and afterwards inspected the fort, admiring its strength and solidity."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

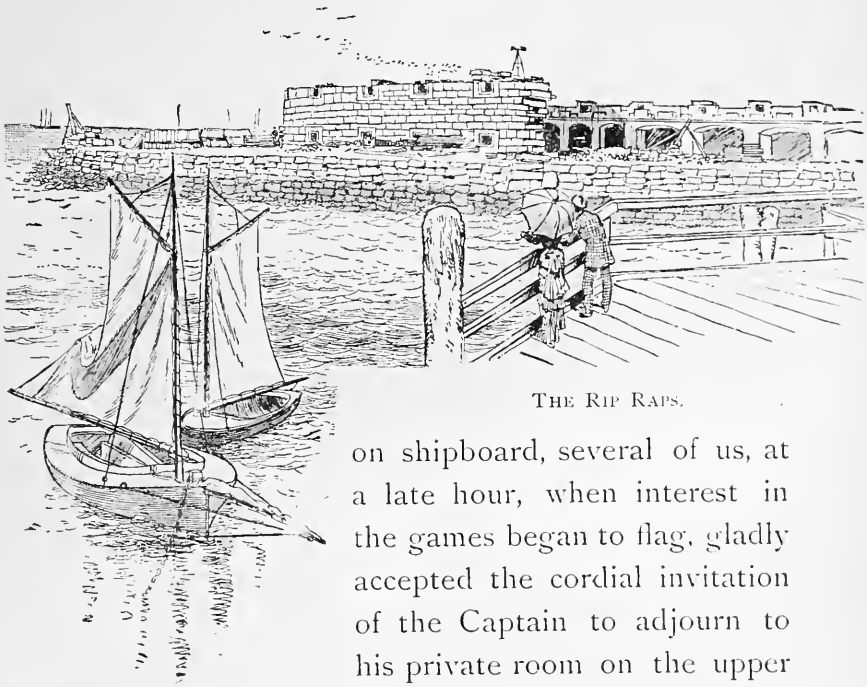
'In darkness the sky and the ocean were blending
As we steered for our own native isle in the west,
A twinkling light o'er the waters extending
Its lenthening ray, gave us hope of our rest.
Oh! 'twas sweet, that soft light, from the harbor in sight—
As we dash'd through its track, it said 'Welcome, * * back.'"

FROM these pleasant recollections our attention was drawn to the brilliant lights of the Hygeia Hotel, and the gray battlements of Fortress Monroe, while we looked farewell upon the clear waters of Hampton Roads, and the Rip Raps, casting a parting glance toward the grain-elevator of Newport News, whose lofty tower affords a prominent landmark, seeming to thrust itself upon the vision at all points, and from the most unexpected quarter.

The chilly atmosphere on deck, at length, compelled us to seek the milder temperature of the saloon below, where luxurious chairs, lounges and tables, invited to the social games and conversation of the drawing room. Soon whist and

euchre parties were formed, Capt. Smith joining in the games, and adding to the interest and merriment by ready wit and repartee.

Determined to make the most of our last night



THE RIP RAPS.

on shipboard, several of us, at a late hour, when interest in the games began to flag, gladly accepted the cordial invitation of the Captain to adjourn to his private room on the upper deck, where he had many objects of beauty and interest. Among these, a piece of brick out of the Church where Pocahontas was married, was shown, and also some marine curiosities, such as a pair of whale's teeth, and a baby's fist carved by

a sailor on a long voyage, out of the fine ivory from the tooth of a whale. Capt. Smith is an old whaler, and at home on the subject of these "royal fish." From his chalk-illustrated description of the various species (he being a natural artist), we could almost believe we had ourselves been on a whaling voyage.

Capt. Smith is well known to the traveling public, and very popular. He is an experienced sailor, the most of his life having been passed on the water. He himself told us that he had been at sea twenty-four years, sailed in every ocean but one, and though, from a boy, had been exposed to every temptation, yet he had never drank a drop of liquor in his life, nor used tobacco in any shape or form.

It has been said:

> "Men are not good but for necessity;
> Nor *orderly* are ever born, but bred."

To this libel, Capt. Smith is a living rebuke, for no early discipline, however severe, could have developed such a love of order as is seen in all his surroundings, and shown in the exactness with which all things are done by him, even to the carrying out of the minutest details. His books, pictures, writing materials, and ornaments,

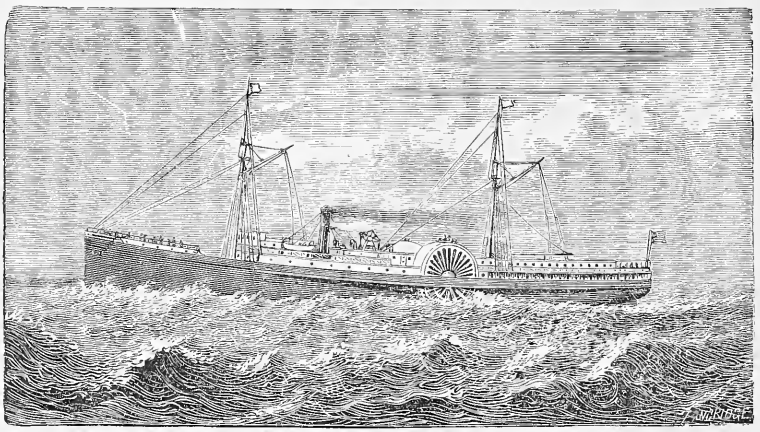
all have a place, and are kept with systematic precision; and the disarrangement of the most trivial article, is a source of pain to him. No memento of the past is thrown away, but the seemingly most insignificant is fondly treasured, and finds a place among those of greater pretention. Old love-letters, scraps of poetry, marriage certificates, newspaper clippings, musty tomes, a faded rose kept for twenty years, photographs, miniatures, etc., formed a miscellaneous collection of souvenirs which, when exhibited with the little scrap of accompanying history, told with a touch of humor or feeling, carried with it a charm that will long linger in the memory.

The fog hung like a pall o'er sea and land, during all the following day; and though the ocean was calm, the Captain could not leave his post of outlook on the hurricane deck, so our tourists were forced to search out amusement for themselves. In the free, careless, idle life of the sea, every trifle becomes a matter of moment; the simplest joke is hugely relished, and the most astounding anecdote readily believed.

The hours passed quickly and pleasantly, and, despite the fog, the stately ship kept on with

undiminished speed. The *Old Dominion* is a side-wheeler, with great breadth of beam, and consequently rolled far less than the screw steamships, scarcely any motion being perceptible during the entire voyage back.

The shades of evening were gathering about us; the clouds parted and gradually dispersed,



"Old Dominion."

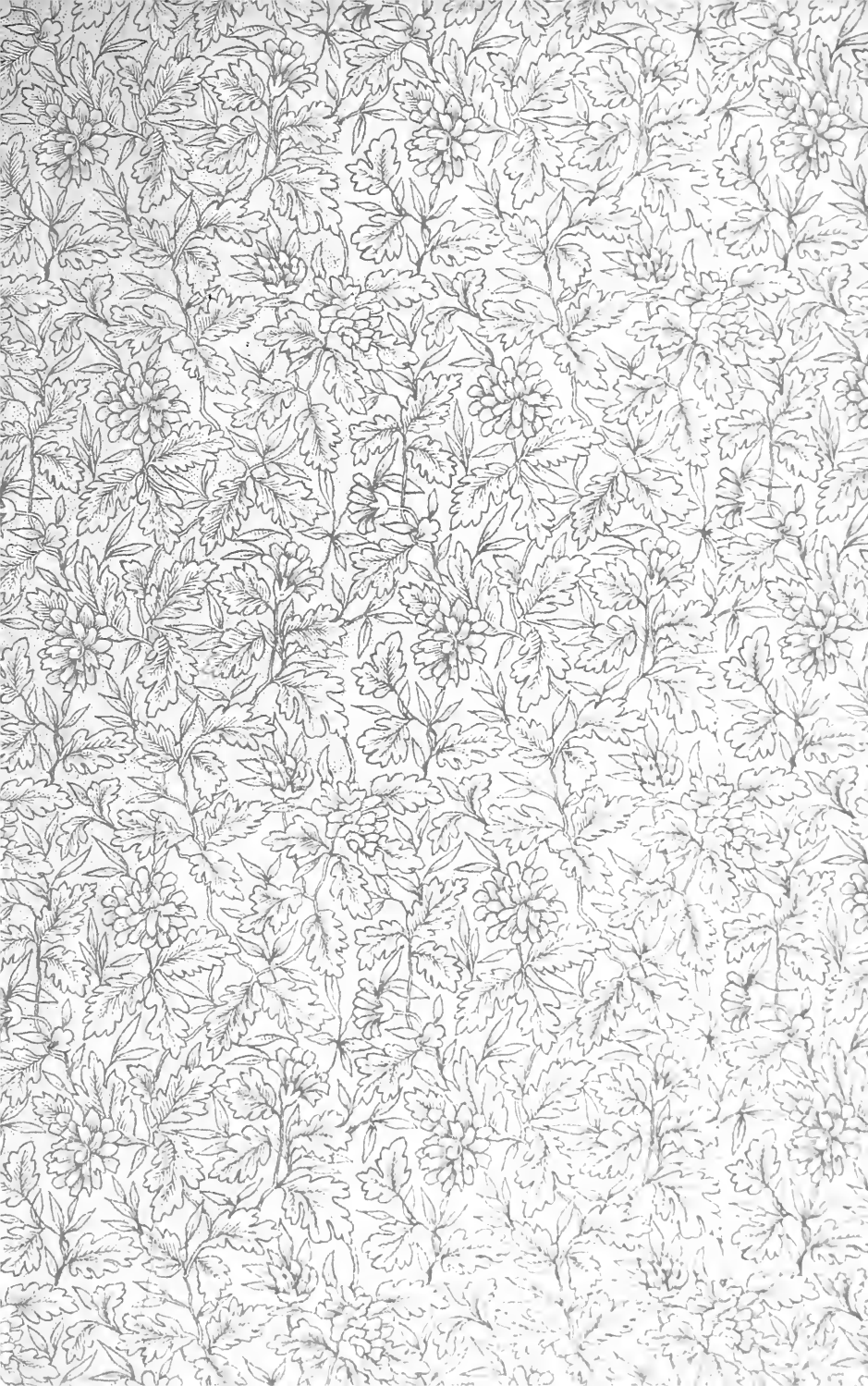
and one by one the stars came out in their beauty, when, crowded on the deck, we watched the soft and varied lights, as we neared the beautiful harbor of New York.

The scene, even divested of all association, is one of beauty. Before us, sweeping away to the north, lies the City of New York, while on our

right nestles Brooklyn, our home, seemingly united to the great metropolis by the graceful span of her noble bridge. Never to us had the suspension bridge looked so lovely, as in that twinkling, flickering, hazy light ; it seemed almost the work of phantom hands. The deep green of the many islands that dot the waters of the bay, stretched along to the left, while, beyond, rose the dark slope of the New Jersey coast.

Soon we reached our moorings at the wharf ; and now, our wanderings o'er, farewell to officers and crew, and to the gallant ship which has borne us "in triumph on the liquid way."

"And you, my friends ! farewell, a short farewell !
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes."



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 006 092 162 3